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THE WAY OF LIFE.

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AN ALLEGORY.

MESSENGER APPROACHING WITH THE "VOLUME OF LIFE."

THE WAY OF LIFE;

OR,

SPIRITUAL THERMOMETER.

A story in dream of a successful journey through this world to the next, showing the duties and dangers of the Christian life.

AN ALLEGORY.

17
1821

BY
GEO. BRINK STRANAHAN.

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TO THE READER.

THE design of this allegory is to lead men to a better world. It is written to bring the sinner to repentance, those in darkness to light, those in death to life. All men would like to finally see a better land; but the temptations, or by-paths, of this world lead some in one direction and some in another, away from that straight, simple, yet divine pathway that ends in glory. Nothing is more common than religious error; but when finally seen, nothing is more ill-repaired. To save men from this and from a death that is eternal, is the object of this work. Then let him who herein seeks this way, seek till he shall find it; and let him who finds it, follow it most faithfully.

G. B. S.

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THE WAY OF LIFE.

AN ALLEGORY.

AS I was meditating upon how to follow that which is good, and to avoid that which is evil, with reference to this world and the next, I fell into a profound slumber. In the midst of my sleep I dreamed that I was approached by a being of transcendent wisdom, power, and sweetness, who touched my arm and said, "Son, wouldst thou know the way of life?" I replied that I would, when he said, "Come with me, and I will show thee the way by which thou mayst avoid the pangs of an eternal hell, and reach the glories of an eternal heaven." And I said, "Art thou God, that thy wisdom should be so great?" He replied, "I am not God, but his angel messenger, whom he has sent to show thee the way to Paradise." "If thou art a guide from God," I rejoined, "I will follow thee. What wouldst thou that I should do?" And he said, "Hast thou repented of all thy sins?" To which I answered, "I have not." Then, said he, "Repent, for this is the first step to salvation. And let thy repentance be sincere and hearty; for many a man fails fully to embrace righteousness because he fails fully to repent of sin, and thus loses salvation. Moreover," he continued, "thou hast for years been incurring the displeasure of Almighty God, against whom thy sins have been directly or indirectly committed, and who hath said, 'Except ye repent ye shall

called the "Way of Life" would bring me to my desired haven. I asked which path it was. He answered, "Open the 'Volume of Life' at such a place, for this is thine authority." So I opened the book and read, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." After much inspection, I saw that only one path led straight to the Sun of Righteousness, which was just rising above the horizon. I also observed that this was the only path along which the hand of the heavenly compass pointed, and that all points of this long, straight, narrow way were covered by it. Then said I, "Is not this the Way of Life?" And he answered that it was, and immediately we entered into it, and began our journey.

LOVE PLAIN.

We had proceeded but a short distance when we came upon a broad, beautiful, undulating plain. It was dotted with all kinds of trees, and was bright with blooming flowers, whose fragrance came to us at every step. Green grass carpeted the ground; the song of birds floated among the trees; babbling brooks went coursing on their way, and balmy zephyrs played around us.

"Pilgrim," said the guide "(and henceforth I will call thee Pilgrim; for thou art a pilgrim to a better world), we are now in Love Plain; and here at the outset of thy journey I have somewhat to say to thee. This is called Love Plain, because it is as thy first love for the King to whose country thou art traveling. Here," he continued, "many make a great mistake, as will most of these whom thou seest on the plain [for a considerable company had started on the journey at about the time they did]. The error is this, will men mistake the first effects of love for love itself. This plain, with all its delights, is not love, but these are its fruits. When thou didst turn in repentance, and determine to

honor and obey God, that was thy true love, which in its character is a principle, and not an emotion. Seek love as a principle, not as an emotion. As an emotion it may bring thee thus far, but no farther. As a principle, it will take thee to the joys of a better world. If you depend on emotion, that emotion will cease when greater and counteracting emotions arise and overpower it.

"In thy 'Volume of Life,' thou art commanded to love thine enemies; but the malignant character of thine enemies will extinguish in thy breast all emotional love, and it is therefore only by principle that thou canst love them. It also requires thee to crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts; but the flesh is full of warring members, which would set upon and soon kill all emotional love. Therefore it is only by love as a principle that thou wilt be able to crucify the flesh. Moreover, it will prohibit thee from loving the world."

Here he directed me to open the "Volume" to a passage which read, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."

Then he continued: "Now emotional love is fluctuating, sometimes high, but oftener low. Natural love for the world is very strong; and when the soul has little love for God, the world with all its pleasures and interests will rush in and overwhelm it. Hence, love to God in principle is all that can keep thee from a love of the world."

I asked, "What is love to God as a principle?" He replied, "It is honor and regard for him because he is Creator and Redeemer, so high as to cause obedience to his will It is also love to man because he is God's creature and thy brother. This is true love, because it is founded on the character and authority of God, which will never change. "Then," I said, "if that be true, I will embrace this love, for it must be that it is only by this that I can reach the King and the country to which I am traveling. It must also be by this that I can appreciate and enjoy them after they are reached."

As we proceeded on our way, I engaged much in prayer, and praise, and reading the "Volume of Life," and in love endeavored to discharge all duties to those I met. Such were the delights of the place that I was tempted to leave the Way of Life, and stay awhile amid its sequestered charms. But the guide said, "To those who tarry here these delights soon fade. These were made by the King for his faithful children, and such is their nature that only those who are faithful can be pleased with them." So we traveled on, praising God that he had done so much for his children, and rejoicing in anticipation of far greater things at the end of the journey.

But it was not long before I was surprised to see the landscape begin to narrow, and the beautiful plain soon came to an end. Then said the guide, "As the plain has been like thy first love for the King,—beautiful in character,—so, like most men's first love for him, it is short in duration. But to him that is faithful to the end, the beauties thou hast seen in this plain will be as shadows compared with the glories of a better world."

WORLDLY VALLEY.

At the end of the plain we came upon Worldly Valley. "This," said the guide, "is so called because when most men leave their first love, or Love Plain, they go down into the valley of worldliness." The beginning of this valley was rather narrow, but it soon widened out to enormous dimensions. It was at first shallow, but gradually deepened along its length, until it reached a great depth.

The general character of the valley was directly opposite that of Love Plain, although at first it promised much. Instead of being light and airy, like the plain, it became cloudy as one advanced into it, and its atmosphere was stifling. Instead of a pleasant surface, it was broken by deep ravines, dangerous precipices, abrupt bluffs, and threatening, overhanging, rocky ledges. Instead of sweet and gentle waters, it had cor-

roding fountains, and rushing rivers, and thundering cataracts. Instead of charming zephyrs, it was often disturbed by sweeping winds and parching blasts, destructive tornadoes and polar frosts. As the plain was the product of righteousness, so this place was the product of sin.

Straight through this valley ran the Way of Life; but though the Way was in it, it was not of it. From its beginning to its far distant end in glory it was a perpetual ascent; and when it entered the valley, there was no exception. It was like a railway, which, though it passes through deep ravines, miry sloughs, and over rushing rivers, is built above and not subject to them. Along this pathway fell the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, which was above the horizon, but which, because of natural deformities of the ground, was not permitted materially to lighten the valley. They, therefore, who were in the Way of Life received the full light; while those who dwelt in the valley received the light only by reflection from the Way of Life, and, as it were, dwelt in the twilight.

But, notwithstanding the fact that this pathway was in the main above the valley, there were many by-paths which led from the pathway down to it. These were the outgrowth of the valley, and were not a part of the Way of Life, but were thrust against it. They were named according to their character, as Wealth By-Path and Pleasure By-Path, and were filled with unnumbered temptations to ensnare the unsuspecting, and to allure the passing pilgrims into the valley; and when once allured, they did not usually return.

These by-paths were very deceiving. Instead of running straight down into the valley, they ran for a distance beside the Way of Life, and were made to appear so much like it, and were so narrow, that only he who was watchful knew when he entered the forbidden paths; while they who did not see their mistake, after following them for a time were led suddenly into the depths of the valley. But, though there was

danger of being led astray by these deceiving ways, the "Volume of Life" and the instruments furnished to each pilgrim, and which it was the duty of each to follow, contained sufficient directions and warnings to escape them.

As we entered the valley I turned my eyes, and saw that many who had come to the end of the plain turned back. This, the guide said, was due to the fact that their love was only an emotion, and not a principle. And he continued, "Only they whose hearts are, because of certain principles, fixed on things as supremely above this world as is this Way of Life above this valley, can reach the distant goal. In the midst of temptations to tarry here, only they who hold good reasons to seek a better land will find it.

The attractions of the valley, to an earnest pilgrim, were not so great as those of the plain, though to a worldling they were greater. But its uncongenial character served more firmly to establish my mind on things beyond, where I should find a companionship that would be better, and a clime more glorious. Accordingly, I hastened on when I might otherwise have been sluggish, and religiously labored when I might otherwise have played. To the poor I gave food; to the naked, raiment; to the distressed, comfort; and to the sick, succor. My devotional duties were daily and hourly performed. Indeed, I found that the first-named duties were most easily accomplished when the latter were best done. In other words, when my inner life was most pleasing to God, my outer life was best suited to man.

WEALTH BY-PATH.

As we were traveling on our way, the guide informed me that we had reached Wealth By-Path. This surprised me; for though I had heard of this by-path, I saw no indications that we had reached it; for it was at first narrow, and ran parallel with, and very near to, the Way of Life; then it turned suddenly into

the valley. This fact, the guide said, rendered it doubly dangerous. But he showed me where this joined the main pathway, and I saw that many had tried to walk in both; but as the valley inclined downward most of those who made the attempt were lost.

As we proceeded, I saw many persons along this by-path, some having just entered it, and others being far down in the valley. All these were intent on wealth. Some were poor, but sought it as eagerly as those of large possessions. Though all were anxious for wealth, all did not wish it in the same form. Some were anxious for gold, which they carried about and showed as children show toys. Some kept it hid in a private place, and often secretly resorted thither, delighting their eyes with the shining metal. Others were satisfied with nothing but broad acres of land, over which they delighted to wander, and with which their souls were ravished. What gold was to the first, lands were to the second. Others were satisfied only with horses and carriages, dress and equipage, — with whatever contributed to show and glitter. But whatever their possessions, they made them sufficient for both soul and body, until the spirit was buried under the corrupted debris of the flesh. Though their souls had eyes, the eyes of their bodies were used in their stead; though they had ears, the ears of their bodies were used in their place; and though they had spiritual perceptions, their natural perceptions were substituted for them. Indeed, wealth was a worldly fertilizer, which caused their carnal life to overgrow and kill the soul.

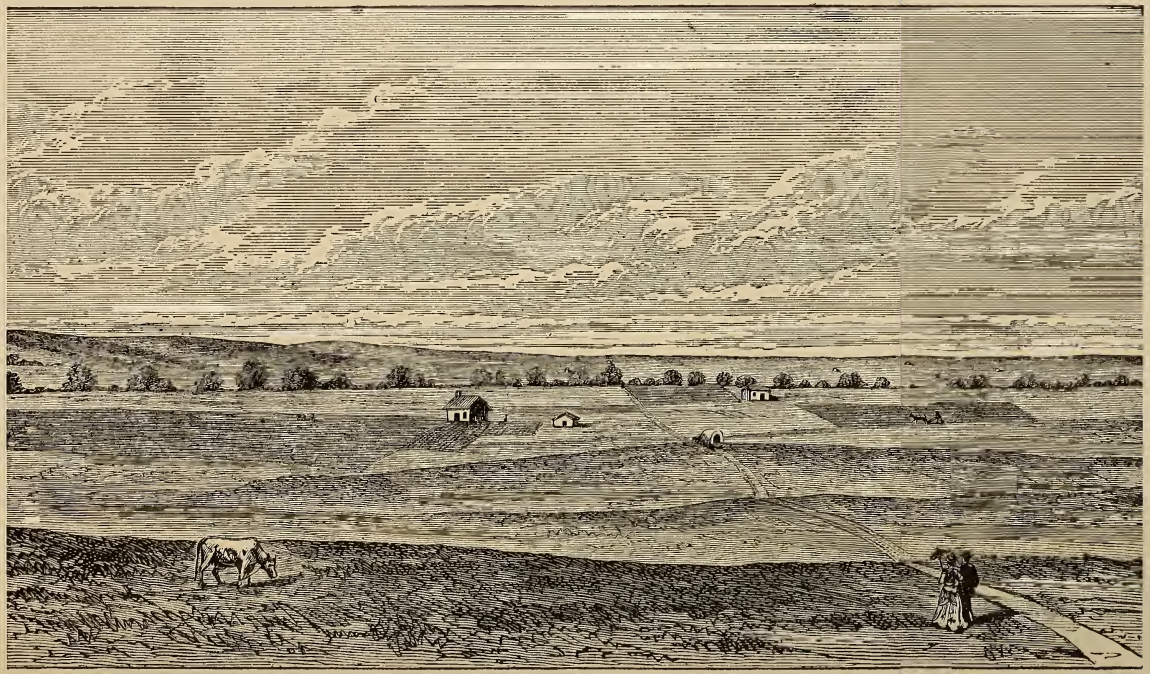
As we continued our journey, I noticed that the persons in the by-path increased until large numbers were seen. This the guide explained was caused by the by-path's becoming wider and more fraught with temptations, and also by indifferent pilgrims' becoming more emboldened by these temptations to enter it. He continued, "The love of wealth is natural to man; and if he will love the wealth of a better world, its rewards, its joys, its glories, this tendency in his na-

ture will meet the end for which Heaven has designed it. If, because of carnal conditions, the love of the wealth of this world is corrupting, likewise, because of spiritual conditions, the love of the wealth of a better world is ennobling.

"It follows, then, that this is the last that God has designed man should fix his heart upon, because it is only then that he can fulfill his mission in this world and in the next, and only then that his grasping nature can be fully satisfied. It may be well for some to accumulate a portion of this world's goods, but not to love them; to accumulate here for a hereafter; whose aim should be to spread the gospel, to relieve the distressed, to enlighten the ignorant, to save men's souls. But few are they who would be rich here for the sake of the wealth of a hereafter; and he is safest who looks alone to the wealth of another world."

Now it happened that about this time we came in sight of a number of men who were busily engaged in digging in the earth. Observing their earnestness, I concluded that something valuable must be sought, and hastened to learn what it might be. As I approached them, I saw that they were washing in water, earth which they had dug out, and soon ascertained that they were digging for gold. Indeed, it was hardly necessary to inquire; for the washed gold-dust lay temptingly about. The men asked me to join in their work, so I seized a shovel and commenced digging. In a little time I accumulated several dollars, and became so engaged as to forget all else. My mind experienced the amazing contraction from immortal glory, and worlds on high, down to a few bits of shapeless metal. But while I was thus occupied, I felt a hand touch my shoulder, and looking up I saw the anxious face of my faithful guide, whom I had thoughtlessly left behind.

"Pilgrim," said he, "art thou in the way of life? If thou thinkst thou art, examine thy compass and thermometer." Immediately drawing forth my compass, I discovered that its needle did not point, as it formerly did, parallel to the path that I was pursuing; but that



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it was far off from it. In my astonishment, I said to the guide, "The compass must be wrong." But he reassured me, as he had assured me when he first gave me the compass, that it never varied. Then drawing forth my thermometer, which formerly was gradually rising in the nineties, I discovered to my horror that it had fallen nearly to thirty degrees. "Now," said the guide, "thou canst see by this that thy compass was right, and that thou art not in the Way of Life; but that thou hast far digressed from it; and thou canst also see by this thermometer that thou art spiritually freezing, and that, eventually, thou wilt be frozen to death. Arise, let us return." Taking my arm in a most fatherly way, he led me toward the forgotten Way of Life.

As we were leaving, the men desired me to test them with my thermometer, and taking it into their presence for a moment, I found that with most of them it fell below zero, which, to such, indicated a hopeless state; not that God would not be willing to pardon, but that they would not heartily repent and seek his forgiveness. The guide then requested me to reverse the thermometer; for as I said in my description of this instrument, on the opposite side of it there was another scale that would indicate the spiritual state of persons in former years. I then turned it round, and found that a few had been converted, and that two or three had reached one hundred degrees. These had left the way which we were pursuing, and we urged them to return with us, warning them of a coming judgment and an eternal punishment, and reminding them of the danger of their pursuit; all of which they acknowledged, but replied that they were beyond remedy. Only one consented to go back with us, who, however, proved to be one of the most faithful, and in works and devotions continued to the end.

As we were returning the guide discoursed concerning the dangers attending the pursuit of wealth. He said the glutton might be temporarily satisfied, but he who was pursuing wealth was forever craving, rushing

on after the mental peace which he hoped to find, yet never reaching it. He said there were, moreover, two great evils attending the acquisition and possession of wealth. One is the dishonesty, fraud, and treachery into which efforts for its acquisition lead men; the other is the vices, debauchery, intemperance, and fastness into which it often drags them after it is acquired. He continued: "Nations are sometimes debauched by wealth, and are covered as with a pall with the night of ignorance and vice. Its corrupting influence has been a great factor in, and sometimes the only cause of, the destruction of some of the mightiest powers the world ever saw. Thus with individuals, the high as well as the low, the mighty as well as the weak, may fall by the love of wealth."

He then descanted on its effects in another state, saying that he whose hearts were fixed on the things of this natural world, could have no relish for the things of a better and spiritual world. He said that in perdition the avarice which it had created, would forever crave without being satisfied; that the falsity into which it had tempted men would be forever false; and that the impurity into which it had helped men would be forever impure. In support of this he directed me to a passage in the "Volume of Life," which I found to read as follows: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

In concluding, he said that while the love of wealth was wrong, all, nevertheless, were justifiable in acquiring something for declining years.

Before reaching the Way of Life, we passed a sign-post designed as a warning to mistaken pilgrims. Some designing persons had attempted to make it illegible. Nevertheless, my experience, together with the undying truth of the inscription, enabled me to decipher it. It read: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." On our return I knelt down and prayed fervently that God would so fill me with his spirit that temptations would try me less, and that he would assist me to resist the first temptings to wrong. For I

found by experience that the buds of certain sins—as avarice—were easily crushed, but after they were fully developed, might never be overcome. I also gave praise to God that through the atoning sacrifice of his Son, I could be forgiven for my wrong. Then I resumed my journey with increased rapidity and devotion, for I had learned anew by my recent experience that I was in the midst of danger.

All along our way men had occasionally turned in repentance from the valley and entered the Way of Life; but as we advanced, I noticed that fewer did so than in the earlier stages of our travels. The guide explained that this was owing to men's hardness of heart, and to increasing indifference, as they advanced in life and in the interest of wealth. Nature being more plastic and impressible in early life, men were then more easily constrained to eschew the love of wealth, and to follow the better way. Everywhere, as we moved on, the inhabitants were seen busily engaged in the accumulation of this world's goods, some already being wealthy. Yet nowhere did I see one sit down satisfied, and desire no more. Even if old and unable to do anything in body, their minds were still grasping. Speaking of this, the guide remarked that all forms of avarice left the mind craving, while only the assurance of the wealth of heaven could bring quiet to the mysterious life of the spirit.

As a matter of duty, I endeavored to persuade every sinner whom I met to abandon his sins, and through the atonement of Jesus Christ to lay hold on eternal life and to avoid the pangs of an endless death. I explained that when the work of sin was completed in the soul, it was as enduring as eternity itself, and that misery was its offspring and a world of darkness its home. A few were persuaded and saved, for which I was profoundly grateful. But the supremacy of the love of wealth in most of them was plainly seen in the fact that heaven, hell, and eternity could not break its hold upon them.

There was a curious fact, which I will mention in

this connection. Many of the inhabitants along the way brought gold, silver, grain, provisions, and other worldly goods, and deposited them in the Way of Life, standing outside themselves. But I informed them that the order of their proceedings was wrong, that they should first enter the Way of Life themselves, and then bring their substance, which otherwise would be of no use to them. But what I said availed but little with most of them, as they returned into the valley to their pursuit, coming up once or twice a year to deposit their gifts. This gave me the knowledge of an additional danger attending the possession of wealth; namely, that some who possessed it, gave of that instead of themselves. Yet, notwithstanding that what these persons gave did not help them in the Way of Life, and therefore did not help to bring them salvation, it did help those who chanced to be traveling in that direction; for there were poor ones, who, though they traveled well, needed assistance in the way of charity and instruction.

I felt pained to see so many in this by-path, and so few in the Way of Life. Indeed, I was so dissatisfied as seriously to contemplate going out, and in one way or another getting all into the Way of Life. True, I knew the way to be narrow, but I also knew it was straight; and I calculated that as each traveled on, room would thus be made for all. But the guide said that my zeal was beginning to exceed my wisdom. He had often commended my efforts to save the lost, but he said that I now proposed to do more than God himself, and that I erred in two particulars: First, because men should not be induced into the Way of Life, except as they could be with the single object of saving their souls; second, because if all could be gathered into it by presenting various objects to them, they would not, as I anticipated, travel on along the path and give room to one another, but rather that they would linger near the place of their treasure, and would stand in the way of those who were better travelers. He remarked that we should be satisfied with those we

had helped into the Way of Life, who were really saved, and that after using all the means God had given us to save souls, further efforts were productive of harm rather than good. In proof thereof, he cited me to a passage in my "Volume of Life," which I found to read as follows: "Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone."

It was to the disadvantage of the Way of Life that all of the five bodily senses craved wealth, in one way or another. When the ear heard the fascinations of its artful music and the rustle of its equipage, it was charmed by them. When the eye saw its gold, its elegant mansions, and its gaudy display, it desired them. When the odor of its perfumes and the fragrance of its sweets were inhaled, they were sought for. When the palate tasted its wines, its viands, and its delicacies, it craved them. When the ease and luxury which it brought were felt, they were coveted. Each of the natural senses found in Wealth By-Path something to desire. But these senses were limited, and did not look forward to the time when the ear should be dull, when the sight should be poor, when the smell should be imperfect, when the taste should be deadened, and when the feeling should be blunted.

It was a convincing argument, which I used with some of these people, that those who entered the Way of Life had new senses opened to them, which did not thus decline, but grew more and more acute as the bodily senses became impaired. These senses were faith, love, joy, and peace, which came from communion with a higher being. They were the beginning of the wealth of a better world. The bodily senses were liable to corrupt, dwarf, and destroy themselves; but these senses, spiritual in their nature, purified, enlarged, and preserved themselves. These senses, I said, were opened here, but would flourish in a more friendly clime — beyond the grave. These facts were quite impressive to certain persons of this by-path who desired better and more enduring possessions. I was satisfied, after much experience, that persons having this craving an-

ture, could, if they would, transfer their natural desire for the wealth of this world, to a desire for the opulence of the next. Thus might the curse of avarice be turned into a blessing. True, love and obedience to God should be the chief consideration with reference to the future, but the desire for the benefits of heaven may also be a mighty incentive.

WEALTH INN.

We chanced to pass in sight of Wealth Inn, which stood some distance from the Way of Life. This name was given it because it was resorted to by lovers of wealth. It was a pretentious building, and had a large patronage from the by-path, which it well represented. There were three dining-rooms in the inn, representing some of the different phases of wealth. The first was called the Luxury Dining-Room. It was celebrated for the excellence of its viands, for the superiority of its wines, and for the selection of its sweetmeats. Here wealth gave birth to gluttony; gluttony to debauchery, and debauchery to vice. Here men drank until they were beasts; they ate until they were gormands; they reveled until they were socially intoxicated. To these the curse of wealth was its excessive use.

The second room was called Avarice Dining-Room. It was occupied by men whose love of wealth was equally great with the first, but who used it in an opposite extreme. The tables in this room were as remarkable as the first; but it was for the scantiness of the food and the poorness of its quality. Men who ate here were equally rich with the first, but more penurious. The first loved wealth for the sake of gluttony; these loved it for the sake of wealth. Their bodies were thin and their faces pinched. Their garments were not sufficient to make them comfortable. But this was not all. They were not alone impoverished in body, but impoverished in intellect. Outside their business they knew nothing; they wanted nothing,

they sought nothing of a mental nature. Their wealth had made them poor, and their poverty had made them rich. When they were thought of or spoken of, it was primarily with reference to their wealth. People spoke of these men, but meant their riches; they spoke of their riches, and forgot the men. These were lost in their wealth. As men drop into the ocean and disappear, so these had largely disappeared in their possessions.

The third room was called the Transformation Dining-Room. Its tables were loaded with the Scriptures, religious books, tracts, maps of the Holy Land, and the like. This was a free room, designed for those who had debauched in the first room and starved in the second. It was intended that those whom the first room had made sinners, and were starved in the soul, should here be transformed into saints, and be fed in spirit. Alas, the mistake! Instead of being transformed into saints, they were transformed into devils. They read of the dangers of wealth, but they perverted these warnings into a license for it. They read of a coming judgment, which they did not doubt, but treated it with indifference. They read of an eternal hell, in which they also believed, but mocked at its pangs. Some of them had professed Christianity, but the corruptions of wealth had made them infidels. These people entered this room as men, but such was their perverseness that, under the power of wealth, in the midst of divine things they became hissing serpents. Some of them entered it thirsty, but left with their thirst intensified. Some entered it hungry, but left with the pangs of hunger increased. It was designed to feed men spiritually, but as the first two rooms had been perverted and corrupted, so had this.

The love of wealth was the foundation of all this wrong. It was the physical disease of the first room, the mental disease of the second room, and the spiritual malady of the third room. Had the food of the last room been partaken of, it would, like an antidote for poison, have rectified the evils of the first; but as

it was not, save here and there an exception, it served rather to intensify them. All kinds of gambling were practiced here, so greedy were these occupants for wealth. I learned by these things that the results of the love of wealth embraced more than one or two evils. I learned that they were varied, sometimes such as might not be looked for. I saw that they robbed the soul of its faith and joy, dwarfed and narrowed the intellect, sickened and killed the body.

As we passed along the Way of Life, and saw people anxiously engaged in the pursuit of wealth, I could not avoid the reflection that as men's bodies are drowned in the great ocean, so their souls are lost in the great sea of wealth. Upon every unseen shore, on every rock of disaster, and in every current of adventure, these souls go down to all that is divine, and rise no more except in the judgment. He who sinks into the great deep, lies upon its bottom; there he rests undisturbed. Above him roll the mighty waters, and the rushing tempests sweep unheeded. Not so with him who sinks into the sea of wealth. Its storms ever buffet him, its winds ever chill him, its changes ever move him, and it casts up mire and dirt to his discomfiture.

So anxious were many to accumulate, that their unprincipled practices broke their friendships, estranged their families, and chilled their affections. They allowed nothing to interfere with their love of wealth. A remarkable instance of resentment to such interference came under my observation. I endeavored to persuade some who were wedded to this world's goods, to fix their affections on a better wealth in a higher world I told them these things were unworthy the affections of immortal beings, and endeavored to dissuade them from them. The effect was directly opposite to what I had intended. These persons became greatly offended, and to resent my language, endeavored to obstruct my passage along the Way of Life. To do this, they piled straw, rubbish, and various articles called temptation obstacles, which were de-

signed to provoke my resentment, beside my pathway, but considerably below it, supposing they had put them directly in my way. They also fired certain poisoned arrows at me, which were called the shafts of slander. These also fell beneath me, their instruments of death being too weak to fire sufficiently high to reach the Way of Life. This episode proved two things to me: First, that by their mistake in placing their obstacles below the pathway, they were blind as to its elevation; second, that as their arrows fell short, they must be far below me, and could do me no harm. Accordingly, while I felt gratified that I had done my duty, I felt sad that its results were unfavorable.

As we passed on, it was not uncommon to see persons sitting in sadness and alone by the way. On inquiring the cause, I learned that they were once rich and had many friends, but were now poor and friendless. When I attempted to comfort them with the assurance that there was a Friend beyond who would not desert, and wealth which would not perish, I found that only a few would look forward to such things. I inquired the reason, when the guide explained that it, was the love of this world's wealth which had taken possession of them more than the fact of its ownership; and that having loved so long and deeply, their affections followed their possessions when they went. He said that if it had been only possessions which held them, when these were gone, the heart might have been easily transferred to something beyond. He continued by saying that the love of some for worldly goods was so great that they would be strongly attached to but a few dollars or a few worthless goods. Hence it was difficult for those who had lost long-loved possessions, to exchange their love for them for something better. Happy would they have been, had their affections first been fixed upon that world whose opulence will not fail, and had their friendships first been formed with those spiritual beings who will not desert.

When I saw men abandoned by their friends, be-

cause their possessions were gone, I reasoned that the moral value of wealth was small if it thus attracted men who had no principle. I thought that as the carrion attracts the beasts of prey, so corrupting possessions were a moral and spiritual prey for mankind. As I reflected on my observations in this by-path, I brought to mind a multitude of wealthy men, nearly all of whom had become dissipated or corrupted in one way or another. I remembered that very few of them had accumulated wealth for that world to which I was going, and very few of them expected to be there themselves. I saw plainly that the love and accumulation of wealth in this world did not harmonize well with the love and accumulation of possessions in the next world. This was at least the practical difference which men made.

We now came to the end of Wealth By-Path. I had supposed that this end would be filled with opulence, splendor, and power. I had presumed that the worldly results of wealth would here be consummated in magnificence and display. Not so. I found that it had corrupted and overleaped itself, and fallen to the ground. Here many who were once rich, had become poor; many whom wealth had made powerful, had become weak; many whom it had made famous, had become obscure; while an equal number who had by their means been pursuing pleasure, were now miserable.

As we left this by-path, I gave thanks to God that I had escaped its temptations and corruptions, and prayed that I might increase in the wealth of immortal glory and of undying souls, and in the joys of a world, where possessions should neither perish nor corrupt, and where friends should not forsake.

PLEASURE BY-PATH.

We now arrived at Pleasure By-Path. Like Wealth By-Path, it was at first narrow, and ran parallel with, and very near to, the Way of Life, then turned sud-

denly and ran far down into the valley. It was very deceiving, and only he who was watchful, would notice the dividing line between this and the main pathway. There was a noticeable difference in two respects between this part of Worldly Valley and that into which Wealth By-Path ran. First, the valley in Pleasure By-Path was a few feet lower. The guide explained that the surface of the valley conformed to the moral character of its inhabitants. He said wealth naturally brought pleasure, and that therefore Wealth By-Path was followed by Pleasure By-Path, and that as pleasure was largely the product of wealth, the place which it occupied was naturally a little farther and lower in the valley. The other difference was the increased inequalities in the surface of the valley, consisting largely of bluffs and ravines, which were in keeping with the varying spirit of the inhabitants, who were yesterday on the mountain-top of pleasure, and to-day in the valley of gloom.

When I arrived at this by-path, I prayed fervently for assistance to overcome these new temptations; for I again realized that I was in the midst of danger. All along the way the inhabitants were engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, some preferring one kind and some another. I noticed that those pleasures they considered the least hurtful, they practiced near the Way of Life, and were gradually led into others, until they were carried far down into the valley. Some who professed to be walking in the Way of Life, were holding fast to such pleasures as card playing, dancing, etc., and were endeavoring to drag them into the pathway. I observed, however, that most of these persons were dragged out of the pathway by these pleasures, instead of dragging the pleasures into it.

A curious fact was noticeable at this point; namely, the color-blindness of these votaries of pleasure. The Way of Life was white, because it was the way of holiness. It was also filled with light, because, as I have observed before, the rays of the Sun of Righteousness touched it at every point. But the valley

which bordered upon it was of a shady color, and this shade increased with the increase of distance from the Way of Life, until in the depths of the valley it became nearly dark. Some persons who were clinging to these pleasures supposed themselves to be in the Way of Life, but were really standing outside in the border of the valley. In endeavoring to convince them of their mistake, I made the discovery that they were color-blind, and hence were not able to see the difference between the white Way of Life and the shaded edge of the valley. This color-blindness, I found, was caused by the pursuit of pleasure, which dazzled the eyes and slightly blunted their sensibilities. For this there seemed to be but one remedy; namely, that of entering the Way of Life, when the eyes were withdrawn from these dazzling toys, and stimulated with the more healthful light from the Sun of Righteousness. On the other hand, those who did not enter the Way of Life, were constantly keeping these and other blinding pleasures in sight, and gradually increasing in color-blindness. Although they may not have become totally color-blind, yet they were so far blinded as to produce an indifference in vision, which finally would give no pleasure in beholding the things that were better.

I was much impressed as I beheld the successive fruits of different pleasures. Often, on some sunny hill-top, I saw men gaily playing at cards. At a later period, many of these were seen in some secluded nook, playing at the same game and indulging in the social glass. Still later, some of these, who had by unlucky games lost their possessions, were found in the penitentiary of the valley, imprisoned for robbery, embezzlement, or murder, which crimes they had committed to supply the losses they had suffered by card playing. Others who had endeavored to drown their losses in the social glass with which card playing made them familiar, were found in drunkards' graves.

I also saw that the fruits of dancing were often pernicious; and frequently, along the way, we saw men

and women embrace in the giddy dance on some green plat. At a later period, we saw some of these cohabiting in dark recesses, and at a still later time we saw their offspring wandering disgraced along the valley. On inquiring of the inhabitants, I ascertained that most of the fallen women of the valley had at an early period of their lives been much engaged in dancing, and the guide said their fall was more or less due to this practice.

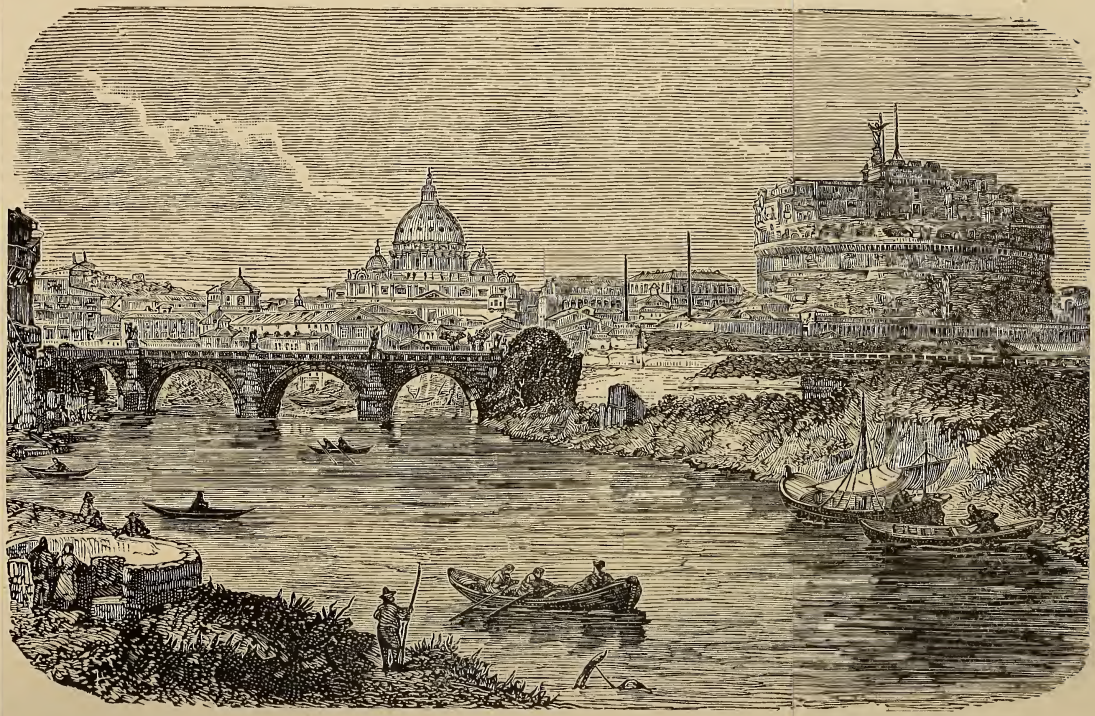
The guide called my attention to a few mistakes in this matter, made by some families in the valley, which had proved ruinous to them. One was that of practicing dancing, card playing, billiard playing, and other games connected with gambling, intemperance, and other evils at home, for the purpose of avoiding the last-named abroad.

Upon investigation, I saw that as these children grew up and left their homes, they naturally sought the amusements they had practiced under parental guidance. On visiting their homes, some of which were situated not far distant from the Way of Life, I found that gambling, intemperance, and licentiousness were practiced in their most hideous forms. When I inquired of them the cause, they candidly replied that the amusements which their fathers had taught them, were the first steps, and these were the last. They said the means which their parents had taught them were necessary to avoid these evils, were the very means by which they had been induced. But the mistakes, which had been taught them in their youth, they did not forsake in their advanced years.

The guide now desired me to observe the effects of teaching a wise and better way. He cited me to several families who had in their youth been taught the evil of these amusements, and had also been taught not to engage therein. They had been shown these evils at a distance, and had been warned of the danger of participation. Desiring to investigate the effect of this teaching, I visited some of these families, near whom we chanced to be passing. I found their lives

and associations to be very different from those who had been taught to engage in objectionable amusements. Indeed, they suffered very few of the evils endured by the last-named class, which to me was a convincing argument for the wisdom of the teachings they had received concerning these amusements. Such was their moral state that I was enabled to persuade a number of them to abandon sin altogether, and enter the Way of Life. Although I made the same effort to persuade those who were familiar with these amusements to take the same steps to salvation, I was less successful, because they were more fully established in pleasure. The guide said that to pious minds who chanced to desire them, there were simple pastimes that were more satisfactory than were the hurtful recreations of the wicked. Playing at bat and ball, rolling balls upon the ground in certain games, some simple in-door recreations, taking a walk or ride, the beauty of a landscape, or the glory of the sky by day and night, were more satisfactory to any soul that was chiefly pleased with God himself.

There was another mistake to which the guide called my attention. Some of these pleasure-seekers were frequently assuming that they were in the Way of Life, and were doing church work. The guide desired me to test them with my instruments, and thus convince them. Accordingly, I drew forth my heavenly compass, and walked in the paths they were pursuing. The hand of the compass pointed a number of degrees away from the course of these paths. This greatly surprised them. I then applied my thermometer to them, when to their astonishment it indicated that most of them were spiritually freezing. To prove the importance of avoiding these allurements, the guide cited me to a passage in my "Volume of Life," which read: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."



PLEASURE CITY AND RIVER.

PLEASURE CITY.

Our travels now brought us in sight of Pleasure City. A more beautiful sight I had rarely seen. Its lofty spires and glittering domes and magnificent edifices, formed an attractive scene. As we entered the city, we found it no less imposing. Its streets were broad and shaded, and adorned with elegant statuary. Fountains of water poured forth from every corner, and babbled along the public walks. Beautiful public and private parks appeared upon every hand. Shady retreats and sequestered nooks afforded protection from the sun and from the public gaze. Flowers bloomed in great abundance, and their fragrance was wafted through every street, while harmonious strains of music often floated out upon the balmy air. The city was brilliantly lighted by night, and the streets were thronged until past the midnight hour.

The guide said that this city was the consummation of the life of Pleasure By-Path; that here the life of the by-path was largely ripened. He then called my attention to the utter hollowness of that life. He said that many who had commenced a life of pleasure in the by-path, had come here to finish it, bringing with them no means and possessing no industry. Hence we found it to be neither a commercial nor a manufacturing city, but one given wholly to pleasure. Its public buildings were magnificent, but they were made for the ball, the theater, the opera, the concert. Many elegant eating and drinking saloons were seen, but they were places of gluttonous excess, intemperance, and violence. There were also many churches, some of which we entered, but found them given over to show, and utterly destitute of worship. The choir sang in the most artistic manner, yet gave no praise to God. The jeweled congregation bowed as if to worship, yet worshiped not. The preacher, for the sake of his hire, preached, but he did not declare the whole counsel of God. Lest he should offend some, he said nothing of depravity, repentance, a coming judg-

ment, or eternal punishment. He catered to, rather than reproved, their indulgences. While in these churches I observed the indications of my thermometer, and found the congregations to be spiritually freezing, some of them actually below zero,—a degree which indicated a hopeless state.

We next visited the public library. The books were numerous and handsomely bound, but their contents were well suited to foster the spirit of pleasure and frivolity peculiar to their readers. Very few of them were designed to improve the heart or enlighten the understanding. They were in the main fictitious reading, containing few of those solid works on theology, morality, history, poetry, politics, and science, so well calculated to bring men into more intimate communion with God, and into better relations with men and things.

We next visited their works of art. Their galleries of painting portrayed but little of what is beautiful in nature or of historic interest. Their statuary exhibited but few of the good, the wise, the great. The audacious, the impure, and the criminal were its subjects. In all places of amusement were portrayed distortion and excess. The city abounded in dance houses, which were nightly filled. As a result, houses of ill-repute were abundant.

One thing was particularly observable; namely, that the inhabitants of the city were in a constant state of uneasiness. Although the city was great, and its places of resort were many, it could not afford its citizens an enduring satisfaction or a holy joy. They filled the streets in pursuit of something pleasing; but when found, its effects were of short duration. They wandered from statue to statue, from theater to theater, from opera to opera, and even to worse places; yet were left forever craving.

During my brief stay in the city, my thermometer was constantly below freezing, and frequently below zero, while my compass never coincided with the location. Institutions of education and benevolence were

by no means common, although the town was large and wealthy. Indeed, so absorbing was the desire for pleasure that their few educational institutions were poorly patronized, while their institutions of benevolence were filled with those who had wasted their substance in riotous living.

The guide explained that the love of pleasure in the minds of the inhabitants was so strong as to exceed all else,— that all consciousness of duty and benevolence sank beneath it. He said that pleasure acted upon the powers of the mind as a whirlpool does upon the waters, carrying down all within it. He then referred me to a verse of warning concerning these things in the "Volume of Life," which read as follows: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

PLEASURE RIVER.

It was on the borders of Pleasure River that the city was built. In the vicinity of the city it was a broad, beautiful river, whose gentle waters flowed sweetly onward as if to waft you to more pleasing scenes. There were no ships of commerce there, because all was for gratification. But the river was covered with innumerable crafts of pleasure, of various forms and colors. I noticed that there was a disposition among the occupants of the boats to follow their natural tendency, and go down the stream. Many would go down a distance and then return; then go down a greater distance, and return; and thus continue until they went down so far as to return no more. I asked the cause of this, when the guide pointed me far down the river. There I discovered the cause. The river, which was straight at the city, turned suddenly at a distance below it; and though

it was broad and smooth at the city, it became narrow and turbulent when it reached the turn.

"Such," said the guide, "is the character of pleasure. It is broad and smooth at first, but it always turns, and then becomes narrow and turbulent."

A curious fact now met my gaze. I noticed there were divisions in the waters of the river, as they flowed down from the city, as if several streams had imperfectly united. I observed that the different classes of pleasure boats followed these different divisions in the river. Those boats on which were inscribed the name "Intemperance" followed one; those marked "Impurity," another; and thus with each class of boats, according to the character of their occupants. But in looking down the river, I discovered that these divisions in the water gradually approached one another, until at the turn of the river they were completely united in one.

"This," said the guide, "is like the rivers of sin — such is their nature that they tend finally to unite."

A number of pretty ripples appeared in the smoother part of the river, caused by the points of underlying rocks. These points often cut passing boats, causing leakages which sometimes sank them. But, did they escape these, they generally went down on the rocks and rapids at the turn of the stream. Below this turn, however, there was a tremendous fall, where the whole river went down with an awful plunge, and where all who had previously escaped must perish.

Near this fall, and facing the river, where all could see it, there was a large sign of warning, bearing the inscription: "Destruction — Temporal and Eternal." Some had tried to efface this, but the cry of the drowning and the roar of the cataract made the truth too apparent for it to be effaced. Notwithstanding, there were persons who continually asserted that there was no danger. I saw that these went down the stream to return no more; so that they who were positive in their error were equally sure, with the others, of destruction.

I observed that the water of the river at the city was sweet, though a slightly bitter taste was noticed some time after drinking. As one proceeded down the stream, this taste in the water was gradually reversed, until at the fall the sweetness disappeared, and the water became intensely bitter.

A large proportion of the city went to destruction on this river. Pleasure made them so reckless that they did not care for its dangers. Moreover, their danger was increased by the singular fact that, when they desired to return, after gliding down the stream, they would not perform the labor of rowing back, but would wait for favoring breezes, which should be stronger than the current, and waft them over the tide of waters to the city.

Those who first entered Pleasure City, did not immediately go on the water of the river; but, going from pleasure to pleasure until practiced in daring, they finally ventured to try the water. Indeed, what was a fear to these inhabitants at first, was a pleasure at last. The river was the consummation of the life of the city. On its waters and along its banks were found the votaries of pleasure, pursuing their vocation by night and by day.

To Pleasure River there were two tributaries,— one above the city, the smaller and slower, called Inception Tributary, where timid persons, who, though they had been schooled in every pleasure and vice, yet feared the main river, could be first introduced to the waters; the other below the city, the larger and swifter, called Consummation Tributary, where those timid persons who were not sufficiently schooled at the first tributary, were made so familiar with the rolling waters as to warrant their entering Pleasure River. There was a strong disposition on the part of the people to have each person engage in every pleasure, no matter how vile or dangerous, and thus the timid were made ready for Pleasure River.

Such, then, did I find to be the results of pleasure in the by-path, the city, and the river. Nature seemed

to conform to the moral character of the inhabitants, and thus a double lesson was taught of the evils of pleasure-seeking. The pathway I was pursuing lay near these pleasure-seeking people, and I endeavored in every way to warn them of the dangers of their pursuit, and to persuade them to seek safety in the Way of Life. I succeeded in turning a few from their dangers, for which I was truly thankful, knowing that I had delivered them from the endless pain which follows pleasure. I discovered, however, that most of those who were filled with the pleasures of the by-path and city, cared little for the pleasures of another world. The "Volume of Life" called them traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.

The Way of Life ran in sight of Pleasure City, but directly over Pleasure River. It had not, however, foundations resting in the quicksands of that great stream, but was supported from end to end by those divine and omnipotent forces which everywhere sustained it. As I have said before, the Way of Life was a gradually ascending path, so that the pilgrim was always rising as he journeyed through Worldly Valley. By the time, therefore, it reached this river, it was several feet above it, so that the pilgrim, if he kept the pathway and reached in safety the bridge which spanned the stream, was above its contaminating waters. He was not, however, too high to hear the sneers and jeers and taunts that came up to him from the impure, the drunken, the depraved, the dishonest, the criminal, who hurled at him their curses, scoffed at his faith, laughed at his piety, sneered at his holiness of life, and even questioned the existence of the Being whom he fondly served. But all these he received calmly, and in love warned these persons of their impending danger, of the certain destruction to all who passed below certain limits down the river, and endeavored to persuade them to take the better way.

As I reached the end of this bridge, I fell upon my

knees, and in profound gratitude thanked God that I had by his grace escaped the unnumbered temptations of Pleasure By-Path. The Way of Life was in Worldly Valley, but not of it. The valley rolled its temptations against, but not over it, as the ocean rolls and dashes its waters against the shore. It was therefore almost impossible for the passing pilgrims altogether to avoid these temptations. Such, however, was the constitution of the Way of Life that the pilgrims could overcome all temptation. Moreover, the Sun of Righteousness was constantly rising in the heavens, and giving increased light to all travelers. But a peculiarity of this Sun may be mentioned. It did not rise, as does our natural sun, by the revolutions of the earth, but came up gradually with the progress of the pilgrims toward it. Indeed, it eventually receded to those who were standing still, and only became brighter and higher to those who were approaching it.

Although my devotions were fervent before, I resolved, after passing this by-path in safety, that they, together with my labors, should be increased. Indeed, this resolution was formed with but little effort; for it was the spontaneous outgrowth of gratitude for deliverance from Pleasure By-Path.

POPULARITY BY-PATH.

On the opposite side of the river from the city was Popularity By-Path. Like all the other by-paths, it ran along on either side of the Way of Life. It was called Popularity By-Path because its inhabitants were seekers after popularity. It was the natural product of Wealth and Pleasure By-Paths, and therefore was a little lower, and farther on in Worldly Valley. Indeed, many of its inhabitants had passed through these former by-paths, and as a natural result had come to this one. The physical features of this by-path, like other by-paths, were in conformity to the spirit of its inhabitants.

One peculiarity, however, of these features may be mentioned, namely, their instability. What was a mountain one day might be a plain the next. What was a valley at one time might be a mountain at another. That which was a thundering cataract to-day might be a trickling stream to-morrow. A river that ran in one direction at one season might run in an opposite direction at another. A change of the wind would bring a change in mountain torrent and river.

Such also was the character of the inhabitants. A change of the popular mind would bring a change to their religious, social, and political ways. Indeed, the weather-cock that would indicate the direction of the wind in the by-path, would be equally changeable, did it indicate the spirit of its inhabitants. The question which they ever asked was not, "What is right?" but, "What is popular?" And when the tide set in any direction, its magnitude, and not its object, was its power.

As we passed along, we came in sight of a dilapidated church, where were gathered many people. It was a church where a false doctrine had been preached, and had not been well patronized; but a new preacher, whose teaching was still more false and corrupt, had appeared on the scene, having more eloquence, and encouraging more of popular and worldly life. A few kindred spirits were first drawn to him. After this, others, thinking it popular to attend this church, went to it, until large numbers gathered, and heard this false doctrine. As we passed through the neighborhood, we observed the effects of this teaching. Profanity was prevalent, licentiousness was not uncommon. Truthfulness was regarded as but little above falsehood, while human accountability was but lightly held.

"Such," said the guide, "are the indirect results of following popularity rather than principle." He continued, "The tide may turn in a little time to another and better church, but the seeds of error are already sown, and in the interest of that which is popular, and will bring forth evil fruits in another world."

As we came in contact with these persons on our way, we endeavored to persuade them to abandon their false, locally popular doctrines and improper lives, but the seeds of error had borne fruit too long, and but few of them could be induced to turn to the better way. Moreover, they were greatly attached to any side which was strong in numbers, regardless of consequences; and seeing but few in the Way of Life, they looked upon it with detestation, though they knew it finally led to a better land. They preferred the popular but inglorious, to the unpopular but glorious end.

THE THREE MONUMENTS.

We next came in sight of an elevated place called the Three Monuments. It was so called because the people of the by-path had erected thereon three monuments to the memory of three eminent men. These monuments were grand structures, hundreds of feet in hight, and about one eighth of a mile apart. The first was called Preferment Monument; the second, Fame Monument; the third, Power Monument. As we arrived in sight of them, I said to the guide, "These splendid works must be erected to some most worthy persons." But he replied otherwise. He said that as the people of the valley were lovers of popularity, they erected them to their popular standing, and not to their moral worth.

Preferment Monument was built in honor of a man whose name was Preferment. On the summit of the monument was his statue. He was a man of medium hight, and dark, swarthy complexion. He had a low forehead, and his eyes showed a watchful, cunning spirit. His left hand held a small parcel of documents, and his right hand was open and extended forward, as if grasping for something. He was a political demagogue, who sought local preferment and social advancement. The political principles which he advocated were dangerous, while his social influence was

corrupting; for he was a seducer. But as the people of the by-path cared for men of popularity and not of principle, they gave him political preferment and social advancement. The consequences upon that part of the by-path that favored him were most disastrous. His petty political measures were of the most selfish character. He dispensed honor and money to a few friends, and to an exclusive faction. He favored every immoral and hurtful scheme that would increase the public treasury. In the interest of popularity he encouraged intemperance, and fostered the most obscene literature. In a word, he was a moral millstone in the community. He hung as a dead weight upon all that was good. But he was popular, and this atoned to these poor fire-flies of the by-path for all his wrongs. Because he was popular, his impurity made impurity popular, his dishonesty made dishonesty popular, his political, moral, and social wrongs made these popular. "Such," said the guide, "are the effects of following popularity rather than principle." He continued as follows:—

"The people have so long followed after the public caprice that this man's wrong-doing renders him more popular. Such is the nature of sin that it is always more contagious than righteousness. A sinful breath may create a whirlwind, and a sinful whirlwind may stir a world. Hence to seek that which is intensely popular is often to seek that which is wrong. Righteousness is modest, and often slow and unnoticed; sin is often bold, swift, and obtrusive. By observing the people of this by-path, we can study the results of this great error. They loved this man because he was popular; and because of this very popularity, he in turn has cursed them. The very element in him which pleased them, held the seeds which wrought their ruin. Though hidden at first, it finally appeared to their sorrow."

He then bade me inspect the rear of Preferment Monument. Here a most astounding revelation was made to me. Elsewhere, this man was only seen

in the glitter of his outward appearance, but here his true life appeared. At this place were a number of graves filled by persons whom his evil life had killed. Among them were several females, on whose tombstone was the following inscription: "INNOCENCE. Killed by the popularity of the deceiving Preferment." On the tombstone of a man who had had much confidence in this personage, was the epitaph: "CREDULOUS. Financially crushed by the dishonesty of Preferment." On the stone of another was this: "INTEMPERANCE. Destroyed by the example of the drinking Preferment." Another epitaph ran thus: "SKEPTIC. Died in darkness, having followed the unbelief of Preferment." Another was this: "DEPRAVITY. Died in fear, having lived as Preferment lived." The pillar was a monument to his popularity, but these tombstones were monuments to the wrongs which that popularity had encouraged.

On the back of the monument some passing sage from the by-path had inscribed these words in a dead language: "Preferred — but at the expense of those who were better. Honored — but honored in wrong." I asked the guide why this was written in a dead language. He replied, "Because this man has been so intensely popular that had the people understood the meaning of the inscription, they would have erased it in a rage; but they supposed it to be some words of commendation." He continued as follows: "Should these words now be written in the language of the people, they would not be disturbed; for this man's popularity is waning. Extremes in the popular tide are often not far distant, so that he who is very popular to-day may be quite unpopular to-morrow. Moreover, the very elements that made this man popular at one time are beginning to render him unpopular now. The polished sins that helped to give him prominence in life, are now bringing forth their ghastly fruits. The generation in which they were sown did not see them, but praised their author. The generation in which they are developing is beginning

to feel them, and is rising up to condemn him. The life which rendered this man so popular with the fathers of this generation as to cause them to erect a monument to his memory, may yet make him so unpopular with their children as to cause them to tear down that which their fathers built. The conditions that make men popular with men are like the unstable sea; but the conditions which make men popular with God and the angelic throngs will render their popularity eternal."

Fame Monument was erected in honor of a man whose name was Fame. It was somewhat higher and finer than the one just mentioned, because Fame was a man of more genius and celebrity. The monument was surmounted by his statue. He was physically a more powerful man, and had a higher and broader forehead than Preferment. In his left hand he held a pen, partially in the attitude of writing. In his left hand he held a scroll, while at his feet several large volumes were piled. His face indicated genius, but it also suggested ambition and deception. Fame was a man who aspired to greatness. By his pen he sought distinction at home and abroad. The love of popularity became so strong in his mind that to attain it he would sacrifice any principle and advocate any wrong.

But as the people of the by-path cared only for the popular, they were not only willing, but anxious, to render him honor, that he in turn might honor them. Accordingly, what he wrote was read and what he advocated was accepted. His writings were tinctured with infidelity, and the age in which he lived became infidel. They were also infected with sensualism, and the age became sensual. He was famous as a writer, both in prose and verse; and that which was not pleasing in one form of writing he made acceptable in the other form. In verse he varnished vice and cruelty, and in prose he aided political error and misrule. The consciousness that he was popular made him bold; while the fact that the people were deter-

mined to sustain him, because of his popularity, made him cruel. Hence he did not hesitate to assail the sanctity of any principle, or crush the well-being of any man. Indeed, his popularity gave such power to his pen that he made men laugh at the religious faith which for years had sustained them, even under the most trying circumstances of life; while he also made them scoff at that Redeemer whose blood had purchased them.

Fame had great talents, and this fact greatly increased his popularity. The love of the popular caused the people to honor his talents and forget his principles. Their youth looked upon him almost as a god. They read his writings, which secretly sapped their religious faith and undermined their moral character. They followed his social teachings, which, though outwardly they looked plausible, resulted in domestic ruin or social estrangements. He favored love; but love was made so unstable as to become a freak and not a principle. He favored domestic happiness; but domestic happiness was made so broad that it mattered little from how many wives it came. He advocated peace; but it was a peace that tolerated sin and wrong. He advocated justice; but it was a justice that savored of cruelty. He encouraged mercy; but it was the mercy that is extended to license. Because he possessed talents and popularity, these things were read and accepted, and in time brought forth their dire fruits.

Back of Fame's stately monument, reared by the people, were deformed monuments reared by himself, which should have been the test of his right to popularity. Here were many graves filled by those whom he had directly or indirectly killed or injured. On the tombstone of one of these was this epitaph: "INFIDEL. Died hopeless." On another was this: "VANITY. Made vain by the popular vanities of Fame." Another had these words: "PRINCIPLE. Inflexible, but killed by the cruelty of the unprincipled Fame." Another read thus: "IMPURITY. Destroyed by the writ-

ings of the popular Fame." Another bore this inscription: "AMBITION. Led by the writings of Fame, but ruined by his vice."

On the back of Fame's monument the sage previously mentioned had written as follows: "Famous—but with the inhabitants of this world only. Applauded—but only by the inhabitants of this by-path." This also was written in a dead language, because when inscribed, the popularity of Fame was great, and had the writing been understood, the people in their indignation would have erased it. But the popularity of Fame, like that of Preferment, was beginning to decline; for the fruits of his evil works were beginning to be plainly felt, and the people would now have borne with any unfavorable words upon his monument. Indeed, so evil was the influence of his writings, that the people began to talk of taking the monument down; for the more apparent the evil of his works became the more offensive became his monument. The guide said that such was the character of Fame, and so unstable the spirit of those who love popularity, that Fame might yet become as unpopular as he had been popular; and that if he had lived some years longer, the people who had erected a monument to his memory would have been ready to expel him from their midst. But he said the discovery of their mistake was too late; that the seeds of vice, which had taken root and grown so long, had already filled the by-path too full to be uprooted by the removal of this monument.

He then discoursed considerably on the evils of following after the popular, saying the results were often disastrous, as with the followers of Fame, and concluded by citing me to a passage in my "Volume of Life," which read: "Seek ye first the kingdom God and his righteousness."

Power Monument was erected to the memory of a man whose name was Power. It was a fine structure, and on the top of it was a statue of Power. Power was a strongly built man, of medium hight. He pos-

sessed a large head and a prominent nose. In his right hand he held a scepter, and in his left hand a partially unsheathed sword, while one of his feet rested upon the neck of a conquered enemy. Power was a lover of popularity, but it was the popularity of authority and of the sword, — in a word, the popularity which savors of awe. Power was a man of no principle, but he possessed great military genius; and as the people of the by-path were followers of the popular, they were willing to render him honor. The results of this popularity were most disastrous to them. Power sought supremacy, and took advantage of this popularity to place himself at the head of these people. He scrupled not to use the most cruel and deceptive means to attain this end.

The evil of catering to popularity was never more clearly seen. The people were off their guard, caring for nothing but giving and receiving praise. Power cunningly flattered them, thereby fixing himself more deeply in their graces. Finally they made him the head of their army. Such was his ambition that he persuaded the people to wage war against the surrounding countries, and such was the love of the people for his celebrity that they were willing to comply. Accordingly, he carried bloodshed to those who had long dwelt in peace, and plundered those who had lived in security. His causeless wars were virtually so much murder, and his spoils were robbery. Indeed, the people, by his influence, became but little less than highway robbers, and that on a national scale. Such was this man's popularity that they adhered to him in their blind love, until he transformed them from men to demons,—from the virtues of peace to the vices of war,—from the glory of internal development to the decay so often attendant upon conquest.

When Power returned from his foreign conquests, instead of resigning his sword, he assumed the dictatorship of the people. The poor man-worshipers were easy victims to this unlawful usurpation. Power had created a popular current in his favor, and by chang-

ing that current to a more personal nature, they were almost willing to make him a king.

Again the evil of this blind following, they were made to feel deeply. When Power came into full control of their government, he became a tyrant. In their boundless admiration for him, the people had given him unlimited power, and in that unlimited power he had become an unlimited despot. They gave him wealth, but he used the wealth in an extravagant and aristocratic outlay, which increased the social distance between him and the people. They gave him social opportunities, but he used them to selfish and lustful ends. And this was not all. The people had so run after Power that he was made to suppose that they were his possessions, and that he could use them according to his pleasure. This was the natural result of catering to something besides moral worth. Accordingly, the people were no longer citizens, honoring Power, but subjects controlled by his will; no longer hired servants, but obedient slaves. He forced them into his army, and drove them into battle, where death was certain. He sentenced them to imprisonment for the most trifling accusation ; and on a mere suspicion of disloyalty to his authority, banished them to foreign lands. He took justice into his own hands, while he knew little of mercy. Instead of honoring those who had honored him, he seemed to regard them as on a level with the dogs which served him in the chase.

In the rear of Power's monument were to be seen some of the fruits of his works. There was a multitude of graves of persons whose death he had caused. Many bore the epitaph : "Disciple of the popular Power; killed in his wars." Others ran thus: "FOLLOWERS. We honored him as citizens, but he made us slaves." Some read thus: "We once worshiped at his shrine ; but when we opposed his usurpations, he banished us to perish in inhospitable lands." Another ran: "FRIENDSHIP. I befriended him before he rose, but he crushed me afterward."

The sage who had written on the other monuments

had inscribed these words on this: "Powerful—but by usurpation. Exalted—but by the blood of thousands." This was also written in a language not generally understood, for fear of erasure. But the time had come when the danger of such a thing was past; for Power was no longer popular. His causeless wars were no longer approved. The vainglory which they brought belonged to Power, but the suffering they cost belonged to the people. He drained the by-path of blood and treasure; but he overcame no great wrong; he wrought no great reform. The treasure was spent, and the blood was shed, for Power alone.

Concerning these things the guide said: "The evils that come from following after popularity always fix themselves before the individual becomes unpopular. It is now too late for the people to repent having worshiped Power. His work is done, and his evil is accomplished. The treasure that he spent cannot be regained, and the lives he sacrificed cannot be restored. But had these people traveled the Way of Life with equal zeal, they would at last have reached a land where all they have spent would bring them a greater wealth, and where their shed blood would insure them a bright crown, and their labors an enduring applause."

THE REVERSED RIVER.

As we traveled on, we came to a remarkable phenomenon, a reversed river. The river ran in the same bed, but in an opposite direction from the way it formerly ran. Hence it was called Reversed River. The stream was broad, deep, and rapid, and such a change seemed impossible. I appealed to the guide to know the cause of this great reverse. He said in reply that the natural conditions of this by-path conformed to the moral state of its inhabitants, and that these conditions were equally changeable. The wind had long blown with the tide of the river, when it suddenly changed to an opposite direction. Although there was

no apparent cause for the change, it was sufficient to reverse the course of the river. This was pleasing to the people of the by-path. A new, though false, religion had sprung up along the upper part of the river, and they desired a change in the course in order that the current might carry them where they could hear the doctrines of the new faith, which, though false, were now becoming popular. There were also other attractions at that part of the river, which were becoming popular, and though pernicious, the inhabitants desired to engage in them. Certain lottery speculations were engaged in, which many thought might bring them fortune. There were also business and amusement interests of an improper character. But the fact that these things were generally sought was sufficient to justify them in the eyes of these people. Accordingly, they were anxious that the tide of winds, and waters, and public opinion should all set in their favor.

The appearance of the river at the time of the change was remarkable. Its rapid current seemed only a little less rapid at first, then it grew slower and slower until it stopped. For some time it seemed to stand motionless, as if halting between two opinions; namely, of a fickle people or a more proper way. Then a slight retrograde motion was seen, and finally the great stream began to rush backward. The commerce and the inhabitants now both traveled to the popular resorts of the river. The new religion was heard, and because of the popular tide, was temporarily accepted. In their zeal for the new faith, the people embraced it so fully that its fruits were soon seen, and were of the most disastrous character. It was a faith that gave great license to human action. Accordingly, many evils flourished with its sanction. Gambling sprang up, and was extensively practiced; hence many who had resorted there lost all their possessions at the gambling table. Some who had thought to make themselves rich by the change in the river had thus made themselves poor. Billiard play-

ing was considered a charming game, but by its charms many a fortune was lost. Many persisted in it because it was popular, but this fact rendered more certain their financial ruin. At first, they saw the enjoyment of following the way of the multitude, but at last they realized the misfortunes which following the perverse ways of the world is sure to bring. Billiards had become popular at these places on the river, and thus the inhabitants of these places were morally corrupted, so that they only liked the things which were likewise popularly corrupt. The inhabitants of the river ought to have foreseen this, and avoided the dangers of these resorts; but their eyes were closed by a passion to cater to the ways of the masses.

There were, moreover, large sums made by horse-racing at these resorts, and much general interest manifested in fast horses. Horse-racing was increasing in popularity, and financial and amusement interests were increasing with it. Accordingly, the people justified themselves in participating in these races, on the grounds that so many were engaging in them. But this justification could not exempt them from the moral and financial disaster that followed. The reckless sport encouraged them in reckless living, and their reckless lives brought them to a reckless death. The fastness in the horse begot a fastness in the man, so that if he gained by speed, his gains were spent in other ways. The moral degradation which accompanied racing, opened avenues of expenditure sufficient to exhaust all its profits. These people were lovers of popular applause, and this applause only increased every wrong and deepened every evil. Nothing was so encouraging at these races as the huzzas of the multitude; and this so stimulated the parties engaged that they would not desist until their full length in vice was run.

Strong drinks were manufactured at these resorts, and the inhabitants of the surrounding country desired a change in the course of the river, to enable them to

send their products to these places, that they might be manufactured into intoxicating beverages; for it was becoming fashionable to drink. But when these beverages were made, a curse came back to them. Many of them manufactured for themselves, and this familiarity with their own alcoholic products, brought them to inebriates' graves. They manufactured, but they also drank; they accumulated, but in their intemperance they spent; they had pleasure, but their pleasure was their destruction. This was another evidence that the popular desire for a change in the course of the river was a mistake, and that when its course did change, it brought no benefit, though human tides set in that direction. Popularity By-Path brought no spiritual or moral blessings, but rather stifled them.

I endeavored to persuade all I met to enter the Way of Life, but the popular currents were so strong that my success was small. The tendencies were so strongly human that divine interposition was difficult, —so decidedly earthly that heavenly powers were excluded. Moreover, in traveling the Way of Life, I saw that the people were averse to it, because it was unpopular. True, it was natural that those who were seeking popularity should dislike the unpopular. But some who professed to be pilgrims were ashamed to be seen therein. These I cited to a passage in my "Volume of Life," that read: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."

As we neared the end of this by-path, the guide spoke briefly as follows: "The love of applause is natural to man. If it be rightly used, it will aid him in righteousness; if wrongly used, it will encourage him in sin, as is the case in this by-path. If men will love the applause of God and the angelic hosts, if they will love the praise of good men for just acts, they will then use this passion of the human mind to the end for which it was created, and by it be encouraged in holi-

ness of life. This passion is a powerful stimulus, and every pilgrim should bring it to his aid. In this lonely and unpopular Way of Life, he should endeavor faithfully to win the praise of God and of angels. In short, he should endeavor to be popular with the better world, and then his unpopularity in this Way of Life will not matter. Indeed, the very fact that he is not appreciated here will increase his desire for a better appreciation hereafter. I say, then, to you, my Pilgrim, care not for the indifference, for the neglect, for the scorn, with which you have been treated by the people of this by-path as you have passed along your way. Remember that at the end of this journey, you will be received by those with whom your popularity shall be great. Human popularity soon wanes, but there yours shall increase forever."

We now passed the bounds of Popularity By-Path, and I knelt down and thanked God that by his grace and favor, I had been enabled to serve him so faithfully, and to resist temptations so successfully during my passage. I had been subject to many temptations during this passage, and my gratitude for aid in overcoming them was proportionately great. I had been urged to abandon my isolated way, and choose a more popular course. Intimations of higher social opportunities were made, and it was also strongly urged that great financial gains would follow certain courses which the world had marked out. But these things I would not heed, and answered that they were only vanities sought by worms of the dust.

I was a constant reader of my "Volume of Life," from which I derived great strength and comfort. Two passages especially strengthened me against the temptations of this by-path. One of these read: "Because, strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." By this I understood that few would so live as to reach heaven; and that if I reached that better world, my life must be better than the great majority of mankind, or even of professed Christians. This justified

my living above the world. The other passage read: "Eye hath not see, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." By this I understood heaven to be an unspeakably glorious place, and well worth all my sacrifice. Indeed, a single plaudit of God and the angels would be far better than the popular applause of all the inhabitants of the earth for a lifetime. Thus, knowing our situation we journeyed on, having but little human companionship to aid us, but constantly holding communion and companionship with God, which strengthened us when men would weaken, which cheered us when men would be despondent, and which gave us success when men would fail.

As the natural features of the by-paths corresponded with the character of their inhabitants, so the Way of Life corresponded with the will of God. Hence it was made straight, so that the way-faring man, though a fool, could not err therein. But, though it was straight, it was in places severe and difficult. Although the Way of Life never reached down to Worldly Valley, yet there were some deep depressions in it, the tendency of which was to cause gloom; and there were also mountains over which I had to climb, whose tendency was to cause fear. But I noticed that in descending these mountains I did not go down so far as I had ascended on the opposite side, hence I gained somewhat in elevation. I observed, too, that as I ascended from the depressions just mentioned, I rose higher in the pathway than I was when on the opposite side. Yet I often climbed over great rocks, and encountered sharp stones, that cut my shoes, and caused my feet to bleed. Projecting thorns frequently rent my clothes and tore my flesh. Even wild beasts laid in wait for me and other pilgrims, some of the animals having their lairs near the Way of Life. Deadly serpents sometimes lay coiled just outside the pathway. Highway robbers occasionally appeared to prey upon the weary travelers.

Against all these there were but two means of de-

fense — for the pilgrims carried no arms. The first was to keep closely in the Way of Life; the other was to follow strictly the directions laid down in the "Volume of Life."

As I traveled on, the Sun of Righteousness was constantly rising in the heavens, giving increasing light to my pathway, and making his glorious face more and more attractive, enlightening me, and assisting to charm me from every vale into which I went, and over every rugged mountain that I climbed. But he was not so much seen outside of the pathway, nor were his benefits so strongly felt. If the stones cut my feet, it only caused me to persevere to reach the end of my journey. When my flesh was pierced by thorns, I had the assurance that the wounds would be made whole at the resurrection, and I longed the more for that event to come. The wild beasts and serpents that laid in wait for me as enemies, could hurt me for a time; but if I kept in the Way of Life, their injuries would soon be healed. The highway robbers could take from me my few worldly goods, but that would only increase my desire for the wealth of a better world.

Outside of my pathway, the effects of these obstacles were reversed, so that instead of helping man to a better world they helped to carry him down to one that was worse. Thus I saw that the way God had marked out was the only way in which good and ill would aid me in my pr gress, and make more certain my glorious destination. This I learned by experience, and also from my "Volume of Life," which said: "All things work together for good to them that love God." O, the wonder of this Way of Life, which made my unpopularity popular, which turned my loneliness to companionship, my dangers to safety, my sorrows to joys!

LIBERAL BY-PATH.

In the course of our journey we came to Liberal By-Path. Unlike some of the other by-paths, it

struck off abruptly from the Way of Life, and ran directly from it, as if in scorn of the divine pathway. The natural conditions of this by-path were directly opposite those of the by-path last described. They were practically unchangeable, so that what they were at one time they were at another. So fixed were they in this respect that even the soil was difficult of cultivation. Indeed, all nature remained stationery.

This was called Liberal By-Path, because its inhabitants were believers in liberalism. Their belief was, in short, everything but the true faith. They virtually discarded all that was taught in my "Volume of Life," going only by what they might see or hear or imagine. I asked them to explain to me what they believed. Their answer was, in substance, that they disbelieved what had been given me to guide me on my journey to a better land. What they did believe, I discovered, was not the same with all, some holding to one thing and some to another. I also noticed that whatever they believed as a doctrine was of short duration. A doctrine would rise and be accepted by them to-day; to-morrow a new one would spring up and take the place of the former. On a close inspection of these things, I discovered this fickleness to arise from two causes: First, sinfulness, which is always shifting the thoughts of the mind; and second, uncertainty, which always follows unbelief. I observed that these people were loud in asserting their belief, but I also noticed that notwithstanding their great pretensions, there was underneath it all a feeling of uneasiness. Indeed, it seemed as if they were trying to smother doctrines which it was hard to avoid. It also appeared as though they were strongly desiring things which they could not fully believe. As when a man desires to vomit, yet will not, so they were holding doctrines which it was natural for the mind to reject, but which they would not.

Moreover, I saw that these people were embittered against the doctrines taught in the "Volume of Life." But I saw at the same time that one reason for this

dislike was that these doctrines were not sufficiently loose for them, and that another reason was that they did not accord with their lives. This prejudice was not confined to these doctrines, but was also extended to those who held them. Hence the pilgrims were not in favor with the inhabitants of this by-path. They sneered at their lives, ridiculed their prayers, and questioned their hope of glory, and they made them a jest and a mock. While holding views in religion, the lives of these scoffers were of the most irreverent spirit.

BROAD CHURCH.

At this point we reached Broad Church, a church of so-called liberal doctrines. The exterior bore a neglected appearance, and I was informed that services there were very irregular. A meeting, however, was about to be held at the hour when we were passing, and the guide wished me to enter, and for once see the contrast between the false and the true in religious faith. As we did so, I was impressed with the absence of that reverence which is common to all truly worshiping congregations. The people appeared as though filled with curiosity or speculative pleasure. Indeed, I should have forgotten I was in a church had it not been so called. The preacher referred to God, but in a speculative, uncertain way, which rendered him somewhat obscure. He spoke of his mercy and goodness, but as though these were man's due, rather than attributes of grace to a fallen, sinful world. He spoke also of his justice, but only to ridicule and deny it. He commended the attributes which are pleasing to men, but condemned those which restrain his lower passions. He spoke of God as a one sided being, loving righteousness, but having little hatred for sin,— as loving one thing, but feeling little displeasure at that which is its opposite. The saint he loved, and for the sinner his love was nearly as great.

At this point I quietly took out my "Volume of Life," and read to myself this passage: "But unto

them that are contentious and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first and also of the Gentile."

Indeed, the preacher seemed more anxious to convert men to liberalism than to God. The burden of his discourse was not directed so much against sin as against the faith of the pilgrims. He held that the King to whose country I was traveling died when on earth more as an example than as an atonement for man. But, opening my "Volume of Life," I read these words, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed." But he advocated that if he died as an atonement, that atonement would save all men. By referring to my "Volume" again, I read this passage from him who made the atonement: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned;" by which he means that the sinner's salvation through the atonement depends on his belief in, or his acceptance of, that act. His discourse treated of God as a being who dealt with good, and had little cognizance of evil, or was passive to it. I judged that if the State regarded sin and wrong as indifferently as the preacher of liberalism represented God as regarding it, universal crime and anarchy would follow. I also judged, from the lack of worship and the religious indifference in this congregation, that what this doctrine would be to the State morally, it was to this church spiritually, namely, death. Moreover, I could not help the reflection that this doctrine had not only very little restraint upon sin, but that it indirectly encouraged it. If God is passive to sin, why should man refrain from sinning? This is the question the sinner naturally asks.

After the formal services were over, the preacher, perceiving we were strangers, inquired if we were liberalists. I told him we were not, but were Christian pilgrims journeying to a better land. He replied

that it was a good journey, but asked if we had not better embrace the doctrines of liberalism. I answered that I could not see that these doctrines had made pilgrims of many of his congregation, although they had heard them for years. I said, however, that to be charitable, I presumed a very few of them would finally enter the Way of Life. To this opinion, as to the effects of these doctrines, he did not dissent, but expressed regret that they were not more beneficial, and said they had little power.

I had hoped that the preacher would inquire after our progress in the Way of Life, and our prospects of heaven, instead of manifesting an interest in propagating doctrines detrimental to our journey. He did, it is true, preach from the "Volume of Life," but he told me privately that he believed that part of this book which appeared reasonable to him, and rejected the part that did not, not leaving its reasonableness to God. On further conversation, I saw that he held the whole book loosely. Indeed, the preaching was loose, and I saw, also, that the fruits were loose. Hurtful games were practiced, pure religion was scoffed at, and immoralities were indulged in. I did not wonder that this man bewailed the condition of his people; for his preaching not only opened the way for their sinful lives, but the assurance he gave them that his loose doctrines were right, gave them license to sin.

After my conversation with the preacher, I talked with several members of the society, and found them holding the most gross inconsistencies. They were at enmity with the pilgrims, and held them to a strict account in their relation to men. To this accountability I had no objection; but when I referred, on the same principle, to man's accountability to God, I noticed that they inclined to hold this view or doctrine more lightly. But I saw this was not because they did not hold man responsible to his Maker, but that they wished to make it appear that none regarded him highly, and that because of this general disregard, God in contempt passed their sins by unnoticed. I

saw, however, that they would not permit this to be done in the civil government of their by-path, lest vice crime, and wrong should render existence therein dangerous; and I discovered that they had a lurking suspicion that God also would not wink at sin, though they might outwardly profess otherwise. They professed to disbelieve the doctrine of hell, yet they imprisoned criminals in their penitentiary, which to this world is what perdition is to the next. They denied the doctrine of endless punishment, yet they imprisoned their greatest criminals for life. They denied the possibility of the general judgment, yet every few months their courts held a general judgment of criminals. They held that God governed by love and not by justice, yet they were not able thus to govern men themselves. Hence the many inconsistencies of these people. But I understood very well that these inconsistencies came from their erroneous doctrines.

I now privately examined my thermometer, and found it standing at twenty degrees, indicating that they were freezing in spirit. I also inspected my compass The hand of the delicate instrument, which was small, but always correct, indicated that the course these people were pursuing was many degrees off from the way which led to heaven.

MORALITY BRANCH PATH.

Passing on some distance, we reached Morality Branch Path. This was so called because it left the main by-path, and was, so to speak, a branch of it The inhabitants of this branch were moralists. Those just described looked for salvation through the indifference or excessive benevolence of God; these looked for salvation through their own merits or perfection.

Passing along this path, we first came to the residence of Honesty, whom we met at his gate, and he invited us in. His residence was a plain but homelike dwelling. Honesty had an open but not highly intellectual face. He held that all that was necessary for

men's salvation was honest business dealing. But I asked him what God would do with the murderer, the slanderer, and the impure one, who might chance to be honest in deal ; while some were honest for the sake of covering other sins, hoping thereby in some way to atone for them. He only replied that honesty was an advantage to men. I answered that dishonesty in business was a sin, but that there were still greater sins, as murder, and that therefore honesty was not sufficient to deter men from other things that were sinful. I argued, moreover, that God cared most for that honesty which was honest with him. That he had little regard for the honesty which embraced a few earthly things, but that he loved and rewarded the honesty which made men's spiritual and moral lives right with their Maker, and as a result, right with their fellow-men. This, I said, was honest dealing with God, because these lives were due him. I urged that his mistake was not in upholding honesty to men, but in not admitting that it extended to God. He is our Maker and Redeemer, hence our obligations to him as creatures and as redeemed ; and hence the dishonesty of not discharging these obligations. He who is truly honest with God will be honest with man ; for dishonesty with man would violate his duty of honesty to God. He who is honest to God is also honest to the duties which God imposes, and one of these duties extends to dealings with man. On the other hand, he who is honest in deal in the interest of man alone, may violate that honesty when temptations rise higher than mere human considerations. To these arguments, Honesty made no objection, but appeared to think them just, when he saw the facts in their true light. I endeavored to persuade him to enter the Way of Life, but found his irreligious life too fixed to change.

We then passed on, designing to visit each of these moralists, hoping to persuade them to lead religious lives, for we knew morality would not save them. We next came to Purity. His place was cleanly kept,

as if to correspond with the doctrine which he held. Purity advocated that as impurity of life was the cause of much sin and misery, purity from sensual wrong was about all that was needed. But I said that, while this sin should be avoided, it was not all that was required. Purity from this wrong did not preclude other sins. I said that if purity was to save him, it must be the purity which would exclude all sin ; for no man could be saved in sin. I inquired if he had this all-embracing purity of heart, at the same time reading to him this passage from the "Volume of Life :" "Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God." He answered that he had not, and desired to know how it might be obtained. I answered that it was by repenting of all sin, when the King would invest him with his robes of righteousness and purity; and that his robe of righteousness was sufficiently pure from all sin to stand between the penitent soul and divine justice. I said that the human mind was such that it would often make some sins appear as trifles, compared with others which were nearly as great. But God looks with disapproval upon sins which men treat lightly; hence, he has little regard for partial reform, or abstinence from a single sin alone. Turning from all sin toward all purity will, alone, suffice for him.

Purity acknowledged this requirement to be right, and turned to God in hearty repentance of all his sins. He sought earnestly for that holiness of heart which should justify his bearing the name Purity. He entered the Way of Life, and walked faithfully therein to the end.

Of all the moralists we visited in this division path, none could be persuaded to enter the Way of Life but Purity, though we labored hard to save the rest. This was not because Purity was better than the others, but because he chanced to accept.

Pleased with the salvation we had brought to Purity, we passed on to the residence of Truth. His dwelling was unpretentious, but well made, and his surroundings of a practical kind. We informed Truth that we

were pilgrims from the Way of Life, journeying to a better world, and that we had called upon him to enter the same pathway, and thus avoid the pangs of hell.

Truth said that we were on a commendable mission, and that attention should be given to the salvation of the soul. He added, however, that he considered himself tolerably safe, as he was a man of perfect rectitude in speech. I replied that this, as far as it went, was very well, but that God required not only perfect rectitude in speech, but rectitude of heart, with reference to himself, and asked if he possessed this. As Truth was honest, he replied that he thought it doubtful, and asked how such perfect truth of heart toward God could be obtained. I answered that it could be reached only by turning from all sin and appealing to Jesus Christ, who would take his place and wash away his sins, wherein Truth failed in perfect rectitude to God; and this Saviour would allow him to receive his, that is, Christ's, life, perfect truth, and spiritual rectitude in the place of the lamentable failure which the person Truth had made. Truth acknowledged this to be a noble offer, but he had been so long wedded to his single idea, that we were not able to start him on the way to heaven. We parted from Truth, regretting that one who acknowledged his duty so freely could not be persuaded to do it. But we were convinced that his false doctrine of salvation by truthfulness had so long held him, that he had lost his relish for that spiritual and religious truth which promises life in a better world.

Proceeding on our way, we soon came to the home of Benevolence. His residence was rather inviting, and kindness was expressed in his countenance. He held that charity to the poor and needy was the most that was required for his salvation. We told him that these things were very good, but that they should be the result of accepting salvation, rather than the means of seeking it. I quoted several passages from my "Volume of Life," showing that God cared more for the heart than for men's work, although requiring both.

I told him that God looked upon the motives of the soul, and that when these motives were to gain heaven by acts of benevolence, while the soul was sinful, such benevolence was not acceptable to Him. This would be a purchase of a better world at the expense of forfeiting the laws which constitute that world; in other words, that if a man could enter heaven because of his benevolence, he could in all other ways rebel against that place. Moreover, I said that God needed the charity of the spirit as well as men do, in things which are temporal; that he was patient and long-suffering with sinful men; and that most of all things which he needed was the obedience and love of his creatures. We told him that as men's necessities of body were supplied by benevolent acts to the pleasure of those who receive, so the necessities of God's Spirit are supplied by religion to the pleasure of himself; in fact, that God was always pleased with the free gift of the heart to Him, though men might not be always pleased with free-will offerings to themselves.

We next reached the dwelling of Good-Will. The most noticeable feature of his place was the absence of anything particularly offensive, although it did not possess superior attractions. Good-Will had an amiable, yet somewhat indifferent, countenance. He said he thought if a person wished others well, and harbored ill-will to none, his prospect for salvation was tolerable. I replied that the spirit was well, but that the reasoning was wrong. A man may possess this spirit, and yet be a sinner. His heart may be rebellious against the will and person of God, and may even think more of man than of his Maker. He may be well disposed to man, and still be indifferent to, or rebellious against, the holiness of life which man's highest good requires. He may possess a good spirit toward men, and yet be indifferent to the great religious principle of righteousness, which is the foundation from which this good feeling should spring.

Even men of desperately wicked hearts toward God may have no ill-will toward men. Wishing well to

others avails little of itself; for this is often a negative and indifferent virtue. It is only when this spirit is carried so far as to reach up to God, and cause him, by repentance, to evolve a good life from a good will, that it is effectual. It is only when this spirit is thoroughly applied to the things of religion, that it can aid in our salvation. God has manifested his good-will to man by providing a way for our salvation, and in turn our good-will can only avail by following in the way that is provided. This course of reasoning Good-Will approved, but we were not able to persuade him to accept what he acknowledged to be right. In a good-natured way, he managed to waive our exhortations to religion. Indeed, while he seemed convinced of the necessity of a change, he appeared indifferent about making it.

Walking on, we reached the home of General Morality. His house bore a rather stately, but cold, appearance. We rapped at the door, and were ushered into the house in a somewhat formal manner, by General Morality himself. We informed him that we were pilgrims to a better world, and were urging others to repent, believe, and join us in our pilgrimage.

When the word *repent* struck the ear of General Morality, he colored with indignation, and said he did not wish to be called a sinner; that he was a man of general moral rectitude, and regarded himself as fit for heaven, and better than some professed pilgrims. We replied that we meant no offense, but that we spoke of him as a sinner in the sense in which God holds all to be sinners. Not that we would call him a criminal, but a man not free from sin, not pleasing to God, not fitted for heaven. To confirm this, I opened my "Volume of Life," and read this passage: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." This, I told him, gave no room for men to hold themselves guiltless in the sight of God.

As regarded his high morality, I again quoted: "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Such is God's view of man's sin, and man's righteousness. As he is Maker, Judge,

and Disposer of every soul, so he must be the authority for its character. We kindly informed him that if he would go to God, he would impart to him his own righteousness, so that his poor, and, so far as its being able to save him was concerned, useless morality would give place to the perfect and saving righteousness of a holy Being. In proof of this, I quoted this passage: "For he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels."

This concluded our unavailing interview, when we arose, and, taking our departure from this branch path, we returned to the Way of Life.

THE THREE MOUNTAIN RANGES.

Before reaching the Way of Life, we passed through three mountain ranges which hindered millions from entering the sacred pathway. The first of these ranges was called Mt. Self-Righteousness, the second, Mt. Conceit, and the third, Mt. Skepticism. As we approached these mountains I perceived with astonishment that they were all smoking volcanoes. The guide informed me that they were heated by what he called sin-fires. These fires, he said, had completely honeycombed these mountains, reaching to their highest peaks; and that although they looked solid, the fire had eaten from the heart to their very surface, causing dangerous pit-falls, yawning chasms, winding gulches, and deceiving openings filled with ashes, into which those who attempted to ascend were certain finally to fall.

We first came to Mt. Self-Righteousness, when the guide wished me to pause a short time for my instruction. After waiting a few moments, we saw a number of persons commence the ascent. Unlike the ascent of an ordinary mountain, they appeared to think there was no danger, and rushed rapidly up the sides, where cautious men would have followed a guide. I

watched their ascent with great interest, and observed that they aimed to reach certain peaks which were prominent along the range, each seeking the peak his habits had favored. One was called Honesty Peak, another Purity Peak, and so each was named. The guide informed me that from these peaks they indulged the hope that they would be taken to Paradise. As they ascended, however, they became intent on reaching the peaks at which they were aiming, and more indifferent to the sin pit-falls among which they were passing. While gazing, I was shocked to see the foremost of these slip, and drop suddenly out of sight. Soon another, and another, disappeared in the same manner, until all were lost. The guide said they were lost forever; for Mt. Self-Righteousness rarely gave up those who went down into it. As we stood gazing in sorrow for this loss, I thought I saw a slight tremor of the mountain, when all at once, to my alarm, it shook like a leaf in autumn. Thus, said the guide, shall self-righteousness shake in the day of judgment.

We then started on our course toward the Way of Life. Mt. Self-Righteousness stood directly between us and the desired pathway. However, we moved on, and when near the base of the mountain, we came to a large sign, which bore this inscription: "Even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe." These words meant that we must be clothed in the robes of God's righteousness, and not our own, and it stood in striking contrast with Mt. Self-Righteousness. A hand upon the sign pointed to a narrow pass in the mountain, to which we at once proceeded. Over this defile was this inscription,— Atonement Pass. Approaching this, we were met by a man whose name was Consecration, who invited us into his house, and offered to furnish us with robes for the passage. These robes were very beautiful, and spotlessly white. I, however, informed him that I had long been a pilgrim, and was furnished with such a robe when our journey was commenced. But all who entered this pass for the Way of

Life and a better world were required to wear them. Indeed, they were supplied by the King to whose country we were traveling, who would not admit any into his kingdom who were clad in their own righteousness. He held the last-named as only fit for perdition.

We then passed through the defile to Mt. Conceit. This mountain, also, was a smoking volcano, heated by sin-fires, like the former. But it was different from the other in certain respects. On Mt. Conceit there were a number of paths called conceit paths, which led sooner or later to some dangerous spot where the traveler was sure to be lost. These paths, which were very attractive to the eye of the traveler, were not straight, but ran here and there to some shaded spot or favored nook, in a most abrupt manner. Moreover, the persons who followed them could not be persuaded of their danger, but in a most headstrong manner pursued their way until all at once they fell into some pitfall.

A remarkable phenomenon must be mentioned in this connection. After persons had ascended the mountain a certain distance, their eyes became so affected that generally partial, and occasionally total, blindness followed. Hence when danger was reached, it was not particularly observed. This blindness gradually increased as the ascent was continued, so that those most advanced saw the least danger.

At the base of the mountain, we came to a sign bearing these words: "Danger! Avoid the ruin which comes to those puffed up with their own conceit." The guide desired me to write this passage from my "Volume of Life," underneath the sign: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." This, he said, might aid in turning some from the vain assurance that their knowledge was infallible, to the certain wisdom of a higher Being.

We paused a few moments, and gazed upon the great mountain before us. As we did so, the guide remarked that it had swallowed up millions of the human race; and that if these warnings were not heeded, it would swallow up many millions more. He said that their

LOST IN THE DESTROYING VOLCANOES.

error was that they followed their own knowledge instead of God's wisdom, in matters of religion, and their conceits instead of his way.

A hand on the sign pointed to a passage through the mountain, which we soon found. Over this passage were written these words: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." This was called Teachable Pass, and every one who entered it was given a book like my "Volume of Life," to guide him, as a higher authority than himself.

Passing through this, we soon came to Mt. Skepticism. This was a bold, high mountain, filled with sinfires, and having many dangerous pitfalls in its surface. Two remarkable features were noticed about this mountain: One was that it was always enveloped in fog and darkness, and its history showed that it was never free from these; the other was that the geological formation showed that during the last eighteen hundred years, this mountain had several times changed its base. Hence it was difficult to tell at one age which way the mountain would range at another. But in whatever way it stood, the fog was still upon it. Many paths ascended it, which were known by different names, as Atheistic Path, Spiritualism Path; and even some bore Christian names, as Broad Church Path, which were no less skeptical. All who ascended the mountain followed the different paths according to their views. Yet all were lost in the fog and the sinfires. I observed that this mountain had a slight tremor. The guide explained that this was due to its poor foundation, and said that at the day of judgment the whole mountain would sink out of sight. Many who ascended the mountain, took with them scientific instruments, and talked much concerning their knowledge of science. Those who would accept them, were given the "Volume of Life," and instruments like those which had been furnished me; and these few were the only ones who ever returned from the mountain. Those who followed their scientific instruments in the ascent,

were only the more certain to be lost. Occasionally one was found to abandon all these, and to depend on the spiritual provisions furnished, which were certain to bring him down from the mountain, and lead him in the better way. Indeed, the experience of those on the mountain proved repeatedly that no instruments there were accurate, except the heavenly compass and the spiritual thermometer, and no guide-book was reliable, except the "Volume of Life." The guide said their instruments might do for this world, but mine only could be used for the next. All through these mountains the heavenly compass showed the Way of Life to be elsewhere, while the spiritual thermometer stood but little above zero.

A sign was posted at the base of the mountain, bearing the words: "He that believeth on him shall not be confounded." This stood in striking contrast to the fog and darkness which enveloped Mt. Skepticism. A hand on the sign pointed to a pass to which we repaired. Over the defile were the words, "Belief Pass," which we immediately entered, and as we did so, we discovered the foundation of the pass to be solid rock, which the guide said had endured for ages past, and would endure untold ages yet to come. This, he said, was not affected by the tremor and vacillation of the mountain. As we passed along, I saw the name "Jesus" on the rock over which we were passing. On a close inspection, I discovered that the name was not written upon the surface of the stone, but that it was interwoven within it, and showed through the stone. The guide explained that this was the name of the Maker, and that it was formed in the stone when it was created.

As we reached the opposite side of the mountain, we came immediately upon the Way of Life. As we did so, the Sun of Righteousness appeared with increased luster. All through the mountains, he was but dimly and imperfectly seen, indeed, he was generally not seen at all. Yet here he appeared, not only increased in luster, but also somewhat higher in the heavens. As I

have said before, he rose in proportion as we advanced toward him, and all along we had been traveling in that direction, and thus permitted him to come nearer to us.

My impression of Liberal By-Path was that it was not favorable to its inhabitants' entering this better way. A few did enter it, but most of them were filled with false notions of religion, which excluded religion itself. Moreover, many were set against the doctrines by which they were to be led into the Way of Life, and embittered against those who were walking therein. Profanity was not uncommon among them, while all sins were looked upon too lightly. I saw, also, that some held these for a license to sin. Their views of religion were limited and imperfect. They confined religion chiefly to man, and that in the practice of certain moralities. Some of them had no idea of worship, and most of them had no proper conception of a holy communion with God. It seemed as though the by-path was made to lead souls away from the Way of Life. I could not help thinking that it stood to religion much as darkness stands to light. Even many preachers of liberalism seemed more concerned in keeping men enveloped in error than in directing them to glory.

I saw clearly that these loose doctrines led to a loose life, and that a loose life led in an opposite direction from the Way of Life, and that whatever led away from this pathway led down to hell. Hence, I concluded that liberalism was a curse to mankind, as well as erroneous in its teachings. The guide said that there was a liberalism that was right. It was the liberalism that taught that every sincere Christian whose heart was right with God and man, of any denomination, should be saved. It was the doctrine that all men who turned in repentance and lived in holiness, should find salvation. "But not," he continued, "the doctrine held by many in this by-path, that all shall be saved; for this very belief has kept thousands, who imagined they were saved, from the steps necessary to their salvation. It is often easier to turn men

from sin than from the errors and prejudices of this by-path. Happily, have we escaped its false teachings."

LITERARY BY-PATH.

Just at this point we came to Literary By-Path. It appeared at this place, because it was here that the former by-path naturally brought it forth ; for it was in part the product of the earlier paths. The natural features of this by-path were very singular. It was overgrown with dark forests, dense undergrowth, thick tangles, and had many miry marshes and dangerous sloughs. Through this dark maze ran many aimless paths, crossing one another, and seemingly without beginning or end. When persons entered these paths, they were liable to wander to the most distant regions, and to the darkest spiritual, moral, social, and intellectual recesses of Worldly Valley. This maze of natural growth became deeper and darker, and these paths multiplied as the inhabitants went from the Way of Life down into the by-path. It was observable that nearly all the by-paths led directly away from the Way of Life, so that few who followed them returned to it.

These paths bore various names, as Speculation Path, Philosophy Path, Science Path, Knowledge Path, and many others. Of all these paths, only one returned to the Way of Life, namely, Knowledge Path. This was the deepest and broadest of them all, but, alas! had the fewest travelers. He, however, who would follow it well was certain to be brought back to the Way of Life. At first, this path was narrow, but it ultimately enlarged to embrace all learning, taking in man's fallen state and God's plan of salvation. When it was narrow, it ran away from the Way of Life; but when it became broad and deep, it came back to it. Many who followed it when narrow, left it when it became larger, and turned back, making the number small who turned their steps to the Way of Life.

So dense was the maze of this Literary By-Path,

that travelers were always uncertain where they were. I made the discovery that some of them had instruments which bore the names of the instruments that I used. But experience proved these instruments to be false In examining these instruments, I looked for the name of the manufacturer, and found them to be of human origin, formed after the notions of men, and largely of unbelievers. This explained the cause of their failure. Their heavenly compass, so called, was extremely varying, pointing in different directions, but most frequently to this world. Their spiritual thermometer, so called, was never sensitive to evil, not discriminating, as did mine, but marked alike for good or bad. These false instruments led these poor, blinded people into deeper mazes and more difficult tangles. To add to their difficulties, the paths multiplied, and became more interwoven in proportion as they receded from the Way of Life, thereby rendering return more difficult. Some of these meandered through wild, romantic regions, attracting the traveler by every false fascination of love and wedlock. In these paths they walked and dreamed and laughed and cried by day and night.

LITERARY PRISON.

In the midst of these winding paths was Literary Prison. It seemed, indeed, to have been the product of the paths; for, as if by magic, it sprang up from among them. This prison was divided into several wards. These wards bore the names of the paths, as Speculation Ward, Philosophy Ward, Science Ward, Knowledge Ward, Love Ward, Romance Ward, Sport Ward, Sensual Ward, and others. The chief employment of these prisoners was reading their favorite works, and speculating upon their authors' thoughts and theories. Those in Speculation Ward were occupied in poring over speculative works, ever going from author to author, yet ever in a state of uncertainty.

Those in Philosophy Ward read nothing but the cold consolations of philosophy, with no divine atonement, and no certainty of a glorious hereafter. The occupants of Science Ward perused only the works of science, the reading of which narrowed their minds to this natural world, and they knew little of, and cared little for, one that is better. In Knowledge Ward their only desire was to be learned, and this so puffed up the prisoners that they thought themselves all-wise. Love Ward was occupied by men and women, whose reading inclined them to worship each other, instead of God. In Romance Ward, the people followed those of the opposite sex in prose and verse, over hill and vale, over mountain and river, and in tears and smiles frittered away the solid character of their minds in the pursuit of fancy. Sport Ward contained those who were readers of the sports of the world. They were patrons of horse-racing, hunting, gambling, prize-fighting, and finally of robbing, induced by like reading. Sensual Ward contained those who had become base by the perusal of obscene literature. When young, these had been permitted the use of the less offensive kind of this literature; and when older they sought it in its most debasing character. They first became impure in thought, then vicious, then criminal.

These wards were numbered and graded according to their kind and character. Speculation Ward was numbered one; Philosophy Ward, two; Science Ward, three; Love Ward, four; and thus to the end, Sensual Ward being last. The design of this grading was to transfer from the higher ward to the lower, as their character grew worse. Accordingly, the lower wards, and especially the last, were very much larger than the first. Those who left the first wards gave up the literary works which were read in those wards; for still baser works were read in those to which they went. Thus they were transferred to each of these wards, until the very lowest was reached. The guide explained that the literary works in these various wards, from the highest to the lowest, were tinctured with the same

spirit, socially, theologically, morally, and politically. He said that he who tasted the first, naturally craved the next, and the next, and thus their taste degenerated until the worst was reached.

REGENERATION FOUNTAIN.

We offered the people in these wards the literature of my "Volume of Life," as being best suited to their needs, but they refused. Though we were almost in despair, the guide said that he would perform a miracle, by divine agency, which should be his only miracle in all our journey. He hoped by this to move a few, at least, to salvation. Accordingly, the prisoners from the various wards were invited to be present. When they had gathered, they were filled with all kinds of unbelief respecting the promised miracle. Some speculated on it, others philosophized against it, others scientifically denied its possibility, and each argued against it according to the ward he occupied and the works he read.

But despite all this, the guide entered the multitude in a most assured, dignified, yet simple, manner. Standing in the midst of them, he took my "Volume of Life" and placed it on the ground. After a few moments' pause he slowly raised the sacred work from the earth, when a magnificent fountain of water burst forth from the ground where the "Volume" had lain. "This," said the guide to the prisoners, "is a symbol of the water of life, which fills those who read and obey the 'Volume' which I offer you, and of which you may drink without thirsting. Your works leave you craving, but this work, which brings forth these waters, will satisfy you forever."

The prisoners stood speechless in the midst of this exhibition of power, and I confess I was myself filled with astonishment. A singular fact about these waters was that they made no noise. They boiled up several feet, making a large and magnificent fountain, and

were as clear as crystal, but as still as oil. "Such," said the guide, "are the results of the spiritual fountain of regeneration in the soul, which they represent, and which this 'Volume of Life' will bring forth if applied to the heart as I applied it to the earth."

The stream from this fountain flowed directly to the Way of Life, which fact strongly indicated its origin there. These waters possessed remarkable powers; they were a *materia medica* in themselves; they were even more than this; for those diseases which they could not heal, they enabled the sufferer to bear.

Contrary to the ways of natural springs this fountain increased its waters in time of drouth, so that when the earth was parched, the great spring was ready to supply it. Earthquakes, tornadoes, storms, and changes only served to increase its volume and power. Even enemies could not extinguish it. If they dug into it, its waters were increased; if they filled it up, it gushed out abundantly upon every side; if they inclosed it, it issued from every fissure of its inclosure. It was irrepressible, yet mild and still.

These waters were always sweet. If sour, bitter, or acrid liquids were poured into them, they were still sweet. Furthermore, they had the power of transforming other articles into their own sweetness. Nothing was so sour that they could not change it, nothing so bitter that they could not transform it, nothing so offensive that they could not improve it. On inquiring the cause of these marvelous powers, the guide informed me that the original waters from which the spring was formed were from a much more heavenly altitude than those of the ordinary spring. He said the laws which governed these waters were the reverse of those of the common spring; hence their results were likewise largely reversed. This miracle produced a profound effect upon the prisoners, and a few of them drank from the fountain, all being invited to do so as an introduction to salvation.

THE LOST KEYS.

The prisoners had been in their wards so long that the keys which opened the doors toward the Way of Life were lost. When by divine power the guide brought forth this fountain, he bade all the prisoners, who had drunk of its waters, look down to its bottom, when, behold! they saw the long-lost keys. Those who did not drink of the fountain could not see them, but to those who did, they were plainly visible. These keys bore different names, according to the ward whose doors they were able to open. Speculation Ward was opened by Faith key; Philosophy Ward, by the key called Divine Logic; Science Ward, by Revelation key; Knowledge Ward, by Theology key; Love Ward, by the key called Godly Affection; Romance Ward, by the Heavenly Wonders key; Sport Ward, by Sobriety key; and Sensual Ward, by Purity key. Those persons who had drunk from the fountain, immediately received their respective keys, when they opened their wards, and left their prison for the Way of Life.

It was a peculiarity of these keys that they could not be lost while their owners were in the Way of Life; but if they left the pathway, the keys soon disappeared. Unlike other keys, no lock in the wards was so difficult or rusted that they could not open it. The doors had been closed for years, but the keys opened them as easily as if they had been closed but a single day. No other keys could open them, hence their importance. When the keys were lost, they could be found nowhere except in the fountain; for they originated from the same source as the waters.

As only those could see them who drank from the fountain, they alone were able to pluck them from it and use them. Although they laid in the fountain for years, they never rusted. Its waters preserved them and kept them bright, so that when these prisoners drank from the waters, they saw the shining keys below. Sometimes prisoners who had not drunk from the fountain, would thrust their hands into it to secure

the key for their ward, hoping thus improperly to escape. But as they were not able to see them, they never plucked the right key. But even could they have found their desired key, it would have been useless, for only he who drank from the fountain could see clearly how to apply it to the lock. By long imprisonment in these wards, and by the literary food that had been given these prisoners, a film had grown over their eyes, which greatly impaired their sight, and which the waters of the fountain alone could remove. Therefore, only those who drank from the fountain were able both to find and to use the keys. But even had these poor, half-blinded prisoners succeeded by any means in opening their doors, it would have availed them nothing, because good eye-sight was needed in following the path to the Way of Life; and when in that pathway, it was needed in many ways, in order to follow it to the end.

When the prisoners drank from the fountain, it produced three marked effects: First, it created a new heart, which was a wonderful work; second, it removed the film from the eyes, as I have already mentioned; third, it changed their taste. These changes were sufficient to insure their entrance into the Way of Life. Their sight was so improved that they could see and use the keys; a new heart gave them a disposition for higher things; and the change in their taste caused them to substitute the "Volume of Life" for the works they had been reading

As we passed along the Way of Life, we saw men everywhere through this by-path lost in its mazes and fast in its mires. Nowhere in Worldly Valley did men appear to be more aimless than here. Sometimes, after wandering for years, they would return to the place from which they started More frequently, however, they perceived the vanity and error of each place through which they passed, and left it to return no more. But in passing through the different places of the by-path, they became covered with the slime and dirt and mire peculiar to each. Many of these people

boasted of progress, but I noticed that those who were loudest in their clamors for progress were the farthest down in the by-path, and the most covered with the dust thereof. They were also the most difficult to bring to that truly progressive pathway, the Way of Life.

The guide said that these mazes, sloughs, and wandering paths were largely of human origin. He said their authors were men who were seekers after money or notoriety, and in their conceit they sought to lead the public astray into their own ways.

THE DARK DAYS.

When traveling through this region, we awoke one morning, and found the by-path darker than usual. As the morning hours advanced, the darkness deepened, and by noon it became total over all that region. People in the by-path groped and wandered in every direction ; they moaned and shrieked and shouted in their despair ; they sought for light, but it did not appear ; they asked for guidance, but it did not come ; they called for help, but found it not.

Through all this dilemma, the Sun of Righteousness shone with his usual brilliancy. True, the encroaching darkness would sometimes dim his rays for a little while, but soon he would dissipate the cloud, and shine as bright as ever I inquired of the guide the cause of this, to me, alarming change, but he bade me dismiss my fears. He explained that this darkness was caused by a black fog which arose from this by-path. He said the fog came from the many paths, whose names I have given, which formed a net-work over all the by-paths, and also from the prison. All the paths produced it, but some generated much more than others.

Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, and more dense the fog. As these things increased, reports came to us that the people of the by-path were becoming sick and dying in every sense ; not only did they

sicken and die bodily, but spiritually, morally, intellectually, and socially. Under cover of this obscuring darkness, vice and crime abounded. Immorality and all forms of wrong were common, because men were enveloped in darkness. Literary darkness was the name given to this, because it came from the literary paths and the prison. The fact that it came from these literary sources, made it more intense, and its effect upon the people of the by-path was more lasting than it otherwise would have been. They looked to these paths for their light ; and when the mist of darkness arose from them, they supposed the darkness to be their only light.

In the midst of this deplorable state, we went down into the by-path to seek the lost, and to bring them to the light. In so doing, we labored under one special disadvantage. In the other by-paths the rays from the Sun of Righteousness had been imperfectly seen. In this fog his light was altogether lost, so that we had not even his distant and obscure disc to point these wanderers to.

Still another obstacle was that each of these people had a so-called way of life and sun of righteousness of his own, which always led in an opposite direction from the true Way and the true Sun. Theirs was an earthly way and an earthly sun, and their eyes were misdirected by long beholding these. Hence could they have beheld the true Sun of Righteousness, it would have availed them but little unless they first abandoned their own. We went from path to path and from house to house, informing these people that there was a clear day in the midst of this darkness, and a sun in the midst of this fog, and health in the midst of this sickness. But the darkness was too deep for them to believe in light ; the fog was too great for them to believe in a sun ; and sickness was too prevalent for them to believe in health. Therefore, we returned in sadness, with only a few to rejoice in the light and breathe the health of a more glorious life. But such was the rejoicing of these few as they beheld the Sun,

such was their health as they basked in the light, that we felt well repaid for all our labor.

The guide said that this fog was natural to the by-path, and that it constantly prevailed, but in a much less degree, over some of its ramifying paths. He said the by-path had been as dark as this a number of times before. He continued: "These dark periods are always dissipated by four great causes: First, by the Sun of Righteousness, whose penetrating rays to some degree dissipate the gloom, and help to dispel it; second, by the 'Volume of Life,' whose enlightening powers go far to remove the darkness of all these paths, including those of Philosophy and Science; third, by the Way of Life, which is high in altitude and white in color, and also illuminating in its character; fourth, by great storms and upheavals, which sweep away the darkness and the fog like chaff."

Taking my "Volume of Life" in his hands, he said that this wonderful work contained the gist of that which was good in the many paths of this by-path, and none of their evils. He continued: "Its truths are so plain that Speculation Path could exercise itself upon its unimportant points without injury to the whole. Its philosophy is so apparent, yet so profound, that Philosophy Path could follow its teachings to the advantage of mankind. Its science is so correct and so ancient that the students of Science Path would do well to follow it. Its knowledge is so vast, so varied, so comprehensive, so accurate, that the students of Knowledge Path would do best to study it. Its love, both human and divine, is so high, so pure, so godly, as to be infinitely better than that of Love Path. Its romance is so artless and so honest as to be far preferable to what may be found in Romance Path. Its joys are so pure and simple as to exceed the alluring temptations of Sport Path. Such is its moderation that the votaries of Sensual Path would find this far better. It is a literary world in miniature."

As he concluded, the fog began to disappear, the darkness melted away, and the Sun of Righteousness

extended his illuminating rays. Then in gratitude I blessed God for assisting me through the temptations and toils of the by-path, and asked for his help to the end.

INTEMPERANCE BY-PATH.

At this point in our journey we reached Intemperance By-Path. It was a broad, deeply worn path, and ran directly from the Way of Life into the valley. It was the combined product of all the other by-paths. Hence it was somewhat lower in Worldly Valley than all the oth rs. It was called Intemperance By-Path, because it was the home of the intemperate. The natural features of this by-path were remarkable. It was, in the main, a long-continued way, filled with sloughs, marshes, ravines, muddy streams, and pitfalls. In fact, the most solid ground was somewhat uncertain, so that the traveler was liable at any time to sink suddenly out of sight. The by-path was crooked, often zigzagging in every direction, but rarely toward the Way of Life.

However forbidding most of this by-path may have been, the beginning was very attractive. A stream called Inebriation River had its origin here, and followed the whole length of it. At this introduction it babbled and sparkled in an attractive manner. Bright and fragrant flowers bloomed along its shores, and overshadowing trees stood everywhere beside it. Its running waters were of the sweetest and most delicious taste, and emitted a delightful odor. They were at first somewhat exhilarating and cheering, but their after effects were depressing. But, alas! there was one danger here which rendered this place most undesirable. It was said by the wise and prudent that these waters had within them unseen death germs, which, if drank, would finally bring horrible disaster to both soul and body. To add to this danger, these death germs would lie dormant in the system, sometimes for years, then all at once would develop their poison, and bring destruction to their victims.

Still another danger was that this place was thronged by inexperienced youth, who had great relish for the water, but little knowledge of its results. Moreover, the fact that both soul and body were affected by this disease, rendered a cure doubly difficult. There was, indeed, but one certain remedy, and that was to enter the Way of Life. Strange as it may seem, the *soul* was chiefly injured by the disease. True, to all external appearances, it was the body ; for that became noticeably diseased. On a close observation, however, the spirit was seen secretly to seek the bodily gratification which brought on this malady. Hence the remedy must first be applied to the immortal nature. Many remedies were tried that appealed to man's temporal nature, but nearly all failed, and the very few that did not, were ever in a state of uncertainty.

MODERATION INCLINE.

Proceeding down Inebriation River, we came to what was known as Moderation Incline. I say *known*, though, strange to say, by many it was not seen. It was a point at which the by-path gradually sloped downward. At near the beginning of this, travelers generally concluded they could partake in moderation of this water without danger, little dreaming of the descent they were commencing. But their increasing appetite made this principle of moderation very flexible, so that when they were half-way down the incline, three times as much drink was required to satisfy their moderation as at the beginning. Thus the principle of moderation was enlarged, until it was made a principle of excess.

To warn the thoughtless against this danger, some wise traveler had posted up this safe principle, which stood as a bold contradiction to the allurements of Moderation Incline : " Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." This was the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicants, and happier would the

multitude have been, had they observed it. To strengthen this, another sign was posted, not far away: "Beware! This enticing incline leads down to hell." Some had endeavored to erase these warnings, but the truths they expressed would not permit it.

In traveling down this incline, I noticed that the lower part of it was more sloping than the beginning, and that travelers passed down it proportionately easier. I observed, too, that the stream became larger and more rapid at the lower part of the incline, and that it gradually became a more prominent feature along the way. At first it was nearly hidden, but afterward it became quite noticeable. Moreover, its waters became more and more sought after as it advanced. The guide said that although to all external appearances nothing might seem very unfavorable to the unpracticed eye, yet the circumstances would soon be seen. It was not long before his assertion was verified.

SURPRISE QUAGMIRE.

A turn in the by-path and stream brought us suddenly to Surprise Quagmire. "Here," said the guide, "is where Moderation Incline unexpectedly brings multitudes who follow it." To my disgust, many persons were wallowing in this quagmire. It seemed at first as though they had suddenly jumped into the place, but this was not the case. They had come down this incline with more or less speed, and had run into it almost of necessity. Some were mired ankle deep, some knee-deep, and some deeper, varying according to the velocity with which they had come down the incline.

Two paths led from the quagmire. One of these ran directly from it to the Way of Life, and was called Refuge Path. At the entrance to this path a sign was posted, which those who were mired might read, with these words inscribed: "Too deep for mortal help; God alone can deliver you." This was actually true; for the inhabitants in the vicinity informed us that those who thoroughly started in this way, rarely returned.

In pursuing this way, the path became firmer and more reliable as they continued, thus increasing their confidence as they proceeded. The distance to the Way of Life was short, and when that was reached, greater security was felt, yet they were not free from temptation. To me it was a wonder that so few entered this better way. But the guide said they were deterred by the debauchery of the by-path.

The other path from the quagmire ran in the direction of the by-path, and was soon merged in it. Nearly all left by this path, but many fell into even worse places. Furthermore, this quagmire was filled with various kinds of extremely adhesive clays, which were never washed off from those who left it by this path. These clays were washed from those who left in Refuge Path, by the blood of the King to whose country they had started ; but as the majority were not traveling thence, they were not thus washed. Hence the clays ever adhered to them. These clays were of different colors. One was red, called Murder clay ; another was black, called Demon clay ; another was green, called Jealous clay, and thus to the end. A remarkable fact was, that the entire soil of the by-path was filled with these clays, and that every place into which the traveler here fell, added more to the clay which he already had, thus accumulating the offensive article as he went on. These clays were said to represent the various characters which this by-path gave to its inhabitants.

EXCESS INCLINE.

Excess Incline began at the quagmire. Singular though it may seem, it was not much steeper than Moderation Incline ; for Moderation Incline finally reached an excessive pitch, and to have had a much greater incline would have been immediate destruction to the traveler. But Excess Incline equaled and somewhat exceeded the last part of the former incline. Moreover, it had more dangerous places, into which the traveler was liable to fall. Inebriation River, which

at the beginning of the former incline was but a babbling brook of exhilarating waters, had now swollen to a rushing river of an intoxicating nature. All the dangerous sloughs along the way were watered by it, and it was the source of all the evil of the by-path. From it men drank and returned to drink again. I had read, and in my youth listened with awe, to tales of fairies bringing forth marvelous transformations by their wands, which, as I grew older, I learned were stories of fancy. But the power I had seen in these fanciful tales, I here saw in fact; for after men had drunk of these waters, it transformed them into brutes. The just it made unjust; the pure it made impure; the honest it made dishonest; and the virtuous it made vicious. There was, however, this difference between the power of the fairy and the river. The fairy, after transforming an object into another thing, could change it back. Not so with the river; it could change men into brutes, but it could not change them back to men.

To do what the river could not do, a number of paths led from this incline to the Way of Life. These were called Refuge paths, because they were the only way of escape from these destroying waters. An inscription was seen at the beginning of each path, which read: 'Flee hither, for Heaven only can save you from this curse." True, these paths were not much resorted to; but when they were, they always proved sufficient to deliver all who devoutly and persistently sought to escape. The guide said that not one turned back to remain who had faithfully used the exalted means afforded by these paths. Some had indeed turned back forever, but he said the fault was their own.

We endeavored to persuade the inhabitants to enter the Way of Life. We informed them that as they journeyed down these inclines, they would find the paths which led to the Way of Life less and less frequented as they went on, until they would be almost totally abandoned. We told them that if they did not soon turn from this course, they would be too far down to turn at all. We assured them that the temporal

death which they were inducing would end in an eternal death; and that the temporal hell which they were realizing would end in an eternal hell. We argued with them, we urged them, we prayed them to turn ere it was too late. Our efforts, in the main, were unsuccessful, but we persuaded a very few sufficiently to save them. We labored hard; for we knew that farther down the by-path our success would be even less.

EXCESS SINK.

We now reached a place called Excess Sink. It was so called because it was one of the sloughs into which Excess Incline brought men. They had risen temporarily from the quagmire, but only to be plunged into a more miry place in this more sloping incline. This sink was located half-way down the incline, and travelers had half forgotten the experience of the quagmire. But though past experience was not fresh in mind, the effects remained. Therefore, as Moderation Incline brought the traveler to the serious consequences of the quagmire, so the two inclines brought them to the double effects at Excess Sink. True, they did not look for this disaster, yet had they been a reasoning people, they would have foreseen it. Into this place men sank deeper and remained longer than in the former. The guide said that there were two reasons for this. One was that men were losing themselves, that is, their will, principle, and pride. The other was that they were drinking more and more from the river, and were gradually losing strength to extricate themselves from such places. In attempting to escape, some would fall back into the sink, going even deeper than before, so that a number of trials were necessary before the worst could deliver themselves. But, alas! when out of this and pursuing the by-path, still worse places awaited them; for the by-path grew worse, not better. On emerging from this sink, the clays, which have before been mentioned, adhered afresh to them, indicating that the malignant features of their character had been intensified by the sink.

A striking feature of Excess Sink was that it was the beginning of a miry sluice, which ran the whole length of the by-path. Some entered this sluice from the sink, and were always dragging along in its mire, never rising to the firmer soil of sobriety. They followed this throughout, from one evil to another, until they finally died in it.

Very benevolently, a Refuge Path had been made from Excess Sink to the Way of Life, so that those who desired a lasting deliverance from this wretched slough and the long-continued sluice, might have it. A few sought this path, and found a relief which the most favored spot in the by-path could never have afforded. Indeed, the very despair of the place drove a few into the path. At these points the path to the Way of Life was very ascending and rather difficult, not because the Way of Life was not open and free to all, for it was, but because the by-paths were becoming lower and lower, and were more hedged about by their own depressed condition. Besides, more or less darkness surrounded these sloughs, so that there seemed, at first thought, but little hope.

But there was one redeeming feature which gave great encouragement to those who sought these paths. No sooner had they entered them than the Sun of Righteousness began to pour upon them his enlightening and transforming rays. Thus enlightened, they were enabled to reach the Way of Life. When this was reached, they were more secure, but not altogether free from temptation. Such, however, was the character of the Way of Life, that the pilgrims could overcome the temptations of the way ; while in the by-path the temptations overcame them. The slightest temptation to those in the by-path to partake of the waters of the river, brought them to intoxication. If they resisted at all, their resistance was soon subdued; for they had only human strength, and this had a constant tendency to intemperance. But he who entered the Way of Life was given various powers by which to conquer. The two instruments furnished to each, which were the

same as mine, together with the attractive and transforming orb of the Sun of Righteousness, were sufficient to deliver all who earnestly sought salvation. True, occasionally one relapsed into his former state; but if he was honest, the powers of the Way of Life finally brought him back, so that whoever sincerely sought salvation from this by-path, was enabled to find it, however difficult at times it might be.

CONSUMMATION SINK.

At the lower end of this incline we reached Consummation Sink. This name was given it because it was the complete product of the evils of Excess Incline. Here men reached their lowest degradation. To go farther at the same slope of the incline would be certain death. As it was, many died in this sink, while it was a fact that many died of these waters along the by-path, before reaching it. Here men wallowed and mired and sank, and drank again to sink still lower, until they sank out of sight, and were lost forever. Two reasons were ascribed for this. One was, that as they became heavier with drink, they were more inclined to sink. The other was, that as they went down these inclines, each succeeding slough became softer, and when this last was reached, it was found extremely miry. Therefore many, when they reached this, went down to rise no more. It was a fact, that in such places their increased drink and revelry helped to sink them out of sight.

But notwithstanding the despair of the place, a Refuge Path led from it to the Way of Life. It might at first seem a useless thing, but it was not. Although it was partly overgrown, yet occasionally a poor, abandoned, broken, sinful wretch could be seen climbing from the filth and mire of the sink, and tremblingly wending his way along the path to the Way of Life. But no matter how vile he was, or how completely abandoned by man, as soon as he entered the divine path, the Sun of Righteousness touched his

eyes and enlightened him more and more as he moved slowly on to the Way of Life, and thence to heaven. The appetite which these intoxicating waters had created was modified, but not altogether extinguished by the transforming rays of the Sun of Righteousness. It followed some without abatement until their death. Yet the means which were provided for each, were sufficient to enable them to conquer the strongest cravings if they kept in the Way of Life. But no sooner did they leave it than these powerful means began to wane, and if they did not return, failed altogether. They were ever safe within the way, but not for a moment without. Theirs was a dangerous enemy, and it was certain to conquer when carnal weapons were used against it. Its own weapons were sharper and more resistless than any mortal man could invent to counteract them.

As soon as these pilgrims entered the Refuge Path, the clays that had been accumulating along the incline, and had become very noticeable upon their persons, began to disappear, and finally were washed away by the King's blood ; for the clays did not express the appetite of these persons, but the character which the appetite begot when indulged in Intemperance By-Path. True, these clays had become intensely adhesive to them, but the blood of the King penetrated so much deeper that it was sufficient to wash them all away. But for this mysterious blood, these clays must have increased forever. When the cleansing was done, the very flesh began to improve, so that the person was finally made whiter and purer and more beautiful than if he had not been thus soiled ; not that the clays improved him, but the cleansing did. Indeed, the man became stronger and more efficient with reference to the King whose blood had healed him, than he would otherwise have been ; not by the disease, but by the remedy which the disease necessitated.

We labored long and hard to influence men to leave this sink, and pursue the better way. But they were so averse to the divine, and so deeply sunk in the mire,

that only a very few were saved by us. For these few, however, we were profoundly grateful.

CRYSTALLIZATION INCLINE.

Our labors over, we traveled on, and immediately came upon Crystallization Incline. This name was given it, because those who reached it became crystallized in intemperance and its effects. This incline was not as descending as some of the others; for had it been, immediate destruction would have followed; yet it was more hopeless than all the rest. If they *would not* leave the former inclines for a better way, this, in the main, they *could not* leave. What they voluntarily chose in the first, they followed of necessity in the last.

Still, despite the almost complete hopelessness of this incline, Refuge paths ran from it to the Way of Life, affording opportunity for salvation even at the eleventh hour. The guide remarked, as he saw these paths, that God was more anxious to save than man was to be saved. But he added that the cause of the failure of man's salvation was due to the fact that the way of salvation was God's, and not man's. "If," he continued, "man could be saved by following these by-paths, all would be brought in, but as he has another way, man will not accept it, even though it be infinitely better."

The effects of the debauchery of the former inclines were unhappily felt in this. If in the first incline the travelers were filled with pleasure, in this they were filled with misery. If in the first they were full of health, here they were broken down by disease. Delirium tremens, fits, and other diseases were entailed upon those in this incline. Indeed, this was the shore on which the ocean of Intemperance By-Path washed its wrecks. Here reform ceased; here hope was extinguished; here the drunkard came to his death. Millions, who in the midst of intemperance, fostered a faint hope of better things, came to this cold, hard incline, only to be plunged into a state that is hopeless

and a world that is worse. Many who began youth in gladness, here ended life in the fear of a dread beyond. Truly, it seemed like the last step to perdition.

Men could not drink to excess here, as in the former by-paths, for fear of immediate death, so diseased were their bodies ; but the same craving was within them. Moreover, their appetite, which once could have been extinguished, was now fixed for life. They could not, without fear of destruction, gratify the taste which they had all their lives been creating. Hence an unrest was constantly felt, which they were as constantly seeking in some way to satisfy ; yet they were never able fully to succeed. But, despite the fact that those of this incline could not drink to the excess of former times, they did sometimes drink to intoxication. This led them on, though more slowly, to certain destruction.

TREMENS TERMINUS.

Finally we arrived at Tremens Terminus. I thought I had seen some wretched places along this by-path, but this was the most deplorable and the saddest of all. It was the consummation of the united ills of the by-path. This dilapidated village was a place of the most wretched character. It stood upon a low, marshy place, and the ground was so wet and soft that houses often sank out of sight. The roofs of these wretched abodes were thatched with straw. Many of the doors were only leaned against the opening. Those that were hung, swung on wooden or leather hinges, and were fastened with the same kind of latches. Most of the houses were one story, and seemed more like the abodes of cattle than of men.

This place, wretched as it was, served more than one purpose. It was a so-called home; it was a hospital, an insane asylum, an inebriate asylum, a poor-house, a deaf and dumb asylum, a blind asylum, a refuge for vice, and lastly a morgue for the dead. As its name suggests, it was the home of that dread disease, delirium tremens. Here men raged and tore themselves

in awful agony. They thought they were menaced by wild beasts, by hissing serpents, and by tormenting devils. They ran, but they could not escape from them ; they fought, but they could not overcome them. They called piteously for help, but it did not come. Indeed, it seemed as though they were foretasting the torments of perdition before they had reached that place. Some stalked feebly about ; others were confined on cots of straw, covered with rags.

The wives and children of these wretches, half-naked and half-starved, were seen in the corners of these dark abodes, sitting in sadness, benumbed with cold. The furniture was old and broken. A few fagots smouldered on the hearth. The moaning of the orphan and the complaint of the widow were often heard. The groans and agony of the dying filled the air as tremens brought the life of the drunkard to a close.

The drinker was not alone in this vile den ; but here also was the man who sold that which had brought ruin upon his neighbors, and which he had brought also on himself ; and the misery which he caused the wife and children of others, his family also felt. Indeed, the seller had most to bear ; for he endured not only the suffering from his own intemperate way, but he had to bear the consciousness of causing multitudes of others to suffer. The cry of the distressed, the tattered garments of the poor, the wail of the dying, all brought to his ears a double pain ; for he both suffered them himself, and realized that he had brought them upon others.

But notwithstanding the abandoned character of the terminus, a Refuge Path led from it to the Way of Life, showing the marvelous mercy of the King to whose country we were traveling. But the appetite was too strong, the curse too deep, the sin too great, to hope for many. Very few accepted the opportunity of the Refuge Path, and only now and then one pursued it to the end. More than this number temporarily ran into the path, but the tide of appetite, disease, and as-

sociations soon brought them back. Hopelessness reigned almost supreme in the place, with reference both to this world and the world to come.

I told the guide that I had never before seen such mingling of despair and misery. He replied that I never would again on earth, but that I would see far greater in another world. Because of this despair, the Refuge Path was overgrown and little cared for, and all our efforts to persuade the drunkard to walk therein were next to unavailing. Still the fact that souls were saved or lost to all eternity, constrained us to labor on for a time at the Terminus, remembering what deliverance and what boundless joys would come to the soul of one redeemed sinner. One difficulty was, that these men, who had been ever occupied in gratifying their appetites in former years, were now occupied with the pangs which these appetites had brought. Both were things of the flesh, and both precluded the influence of the Spirit, the first by sin, the next by its effects.

As we were about to leave this by-path, the guide remarked that it was to some extent the product of all the former by-paths. He said that although it was externally unlike the rest, yet such was its sinful character that it had in part sprung from them, that they were all allied in sin, and were the product one of another. He continued: "It came as an evolution from sin, and is one of its offspring. As virtue produces virtue, and as piety produces piety, the last rising higher and higher, so sin produces sin, falling lower and lower in its character. Hence we came to this by-path, which is another step in the progress of sin. It is one of the links in an eternal chain. The beginning of this chain is in this world, but the other end is in a world that is worse."

I felt gratified for being brought through this by-path without corruption by its vice, and with some little success in our labors in saving souls. During our journey in these intemperate inclines, I prayed and watched and labored, reading frequently from my "Volume of Life," and especially those passages which

were warnings against the temptations and vice which surrounded me; for I realized that, although I had traveled some distance toward heaven, I was still subject to temptations, and in my labors to save men still needed the assistance of a higher power.

The benefits of these devotions were threefold: First, they elevated me to some degree above these temptations, so that I did not feel them so strongly; secondly, they gave me strength to resist what temptation I did feel; thirdly, they gave me zeal, wisdom, and perseverance in the work of saving souls. Without these devotions my journey in the Way of Life would have utterly failed; for the by-paths brought mountains of temptations, which they enabled me to surmount; they brought misusage, which they enabled me to endure; they brought depressions, but my devotions gave me cheer; they brought labor, but my devotions gave me strength. As I journeyed, one by-path beset me with one sin, and another with another sin; but these devotions were sufficient for them all. I engaged in them day by day and hour by hour; but they were more especially fervent when my temptations and labors were the greatest. Intemperance By-Path offered temptation from which there was no certain deliverance, except in these devotions and in spiritual wisdom. This was true of other by-paths, but especially so of this. So strong were its social relations, so burning its appetite, so raging its passions, so deceptive its allurements, so seductive its character, that grace and spiritual wisdom alone were sufficient for it.

CONSUMMATION BY-PATH.

On leaving Tremens Terminus, we entered Consummation By-Path. It was so called, because it was the end of all the by-paths. When the end of this was reached, the guide said it would conclude my journey in Worldly Valley. As this was the end of all the by-paths, so it combined the evils of them all. Each of the former by-paths had a special evil of its own, but

these evils had a tendency to unite. Such is the nature of sin, that the sins which seem far distant from one another are in some way connected, and are at some time liable to unite. Sinful men often despise others for their sins, yet eventually reach those very sins themselves. There was also a strong tendency in these by-paths to multiply their evils. But this was not fully shown until this by-path was reached. The seeds were sown in the former paths — the fruits were ripened in this. The seeds of the earth do not more greatly multiply than these evils; yet the evils, like the seeds, require time to ripen. The evils of the earlier by-paths were felt in those that followed, but it was not until they reached this that they became most malignant. Moreover, some of the evils in the earlier by-paths were somewhat changeable and uncertain, but those that reached this became as fixed as life itself. In those, they were tasted; in this, they were adopted. In those, they had their birth and partial growth; in this, their maturity. In the former they made these vices their subjects; in the latter they were the subjects of the vices. Regret and sorrow were often expressed for this bondage; but the vices had no mercy, and the evils showed them no sympathy. As they had held persistently to these evils, the evils in turn were holding persistently to them. They had most of the time clung to the vices for this world, and the vices were now clinging to them for the next.

As this was the consummation of all the by-paths, so it was the end of nearly all the hopes which might have lingered in them. As I said in former chapters, Worldly Valley was constantly deepening, while the Way of Life was constantly ascending. Hence the distance between them was ever gradually increasing. Therefore at this, the last by-path, they had become more widely separated than at any other place. This was aggravated by the fact that it was largely a distance of hight and depth, making the Way of Life less accessible than it otherwise would have been. As the increasing elevation of the Way of Life encouraged and

cheered those therein, so the decline of Worldly Valley depressed and discouraged its inhabitants with reference to the higher and better way. But this was not all. As the long-accumulating prayers, devotions, virtues, and good works, sustained the pilgrims more and more in the Way of Life, so the long-accumulating sins of unbelief, vice, and evil of this Consummation By-Path, held its inhabitants down to its low place.

The different characters of the former by-paths produced different and unhappy results upon this, the last. One or more would combine and bring forth more bitter fruits at this stage. They were bitter because they then had time to ripen.

DOMESTIC VALLEY.

After traveling a distance in this by-path, we came to Domestic Valley. This was a deep, dark valley which lay directly in the way of the by-path. The guide said that it was the experience of men, that the descent into this valley was easy, but that the ascent from it was difficult.

I was greatly surprised on entering this place ; first, because I found it a valley of ruins, and secondly, because of its original altitude and beauty. The guide explained that this valley was once a mountain, covered with beautiful farms, charming villages, placid lakes, dense forests, boiling springs, rippling streams, and happy homes. From its productive soil sprang every fruit and vegetable and flower. In short, the mountain provided all that was necessary to make the home happy and life enjoyable.

But, alas! a change came. As time passed on, the families of the mountain foolishly became dissatisfied with their lot. They resorted more or less to all the by-paths, but more especially to Pleasure, Liberal, and Intemperance by-paths. The results were unhappy. In Intemperance By-Path they began the use of strong drinks, which so disordered them that they lost their interest in, and became alienated from, one another.

In Pleasure By-Path they imbibed pleasures which were prejudicial to domestic sympathy, and which took the place of domestic joys. In Liberal By-Path they lost the moral and religious doctrines which once restrained them.

After this had continued some time, low, rumbling sounds occasionally rolled along the ground from the by-path onto the mountain, which caused a slight tremor to be felt by its inhabitants. This continued for a period, when suddenly one day a heavy roar was heard; then the mountain shook like an aspen leaf, and all at once went down with a tremendous crash.

This was the end of domestic happiness. The fall of the mountain ruined the dwellings, and scattered their occupants. Want dwelt where there had been plenty; contention, where there had been peace; impurity, where there had been purity; deception, where there had been truth; and unrighteousness, where there had been righteousness. As the mountain had gone down, so these homes had gone down, and as the mountain could not be restored, neither could these homes. This complete destruction was because the evils of all the by-paths were combined against the mountain; they had been silently undermining it for years, and consequently when destruction came, it was complete and irrevocable. It was irrevocable because the evils which they had imbibed had become stronger than the moral and religious principles which formerly preserved them in love and happiness,—not that religious principles are weaker than evil, but that the inhabitants of the mountain had deliberately relaxed their hold upon the first, and strengthened their hold upon the last.

After the fall of the mountain, a few families reunited; but the reunion was only temporary with most of them; for their spirit had become so changed by the influence of the by-paths, and from the effect of the fall of the mountain, that their lives had become offensive to one another. Before the mountain fell, a broad path led from it to the Way of Life. It was used so much as to be well worn. Through this path, communica-

tion from the mountain with the better way, was constant. From this better way the mountain derived its religious and moral principles, and, as a consequence, it encouraged domestic felicity. But when the people began resorting to the by-paths, this well-worn and beneficent path began to be neglected. Eventually, while the mountain was standing, the path became partially overgrown, but after its fall, it became almost obliterated. Before the mountain fell, its high altitude made it very accessible to the Way of Life, as the Way of Life was high; but after the mountain fell, it became much more accessible to the by-paths, because more nearly on a level with them. Hence the broad and deeply worn path that led from the mountain to the better way, while standing, could not be found by some of the oldest inhabitants after its fall. The inhabitants, therefore, of Domestic Valley knew scarcely anything of the better way, while they were perfectly familiar with ways that were worse The generation that was once familiar with the Way of Life had passed away, and to the generation that I saw in the valley, it was but little more than a tradition. True, it was accessible to all, but practically they were strangers to it.

Besides the adverse conditions of the valley I have mentioned, I will state another. Domestic Valley had a notoriety in the by-paths for its fallen and unhappy inhabitants, and thereby drew to itself unscrupulous and cunning men, who preyed upon the character and worldly fortunes of its inhabitants, thereby aggravating the misery, which was already too great. Indeed, it seemed that, as everything had conspired to enhance the happiness of domestic life on the mountain, before the inhabitants left the Way of Life, so everything was now conspiring to increase their unhappiness.

As we passed through this broken and unhappy valley, I was greatly impressed with one thing that met my eyes, and that was the introduction of certain practices and articles from the by-paths, and especially from

Pleasure and Intemperance paths. The shock which the mountain received had exposed these things, which were before concealed. At one residence, cards, a billiard table, and a dancing establishment had, by chance, been exposed by the earthquake. These had been introduced from Pleasure By-Path. In this vicinity there was a house of worse character, which was a sort of accompaniment to these things. In another neighborhood the convulsions had so broken the dwellings as to expose several liquor stills, and many bottles and kegs in which strong drink was kept. These came originally from Intemperance By-Path. Some of these inhabitants were also patrons of the aforesaid house. In one place a liberal church was located. Here the earthquake had exposed considerable literature to view, which was the product of the church. This literature was directly or indirectly favorable to free-love, to divorce, to affinity after marriage, and even to marriage as a temporary contract. The guide said that this was one cause of the domestic unhappiness of this valley.

The other by-paths also exerted an unfavorable influence, though in a less degree, upon the mountain, thus aiding in its fall. Wealth By-Path eventually brought excessive luxury. This luxury was followed by debauchery, and general debauchery helped also to debauch their domestic life. Popularity By-Path created more love among the married for the applause of the world than for the commendation of each other.

As we journeyed in the valley, we suddenly came upon a remarkable phenomenon. This was two rivers, rising from springs which were side by side, and flowing in opposite directions. Before the mountain fell, these springs were one, called Union Spring, and mingled their waters in one river, called Affection River. The waters were then partially sweet. When the people began resorting to the by-paths, and the tremors began to be felt on the mountain, this spring commenced to divide, and after the mountain fell, it became two springs. After this, their waters were bitter. On one of the streams from these springs, hus-

bands could be seen gliding rapidly away in one direction ; on the other, wives were moving as swiftly in another. Although these rivers flowed in opposite directions, the guide said they both ultimately emptied their vicious waters into Lake Perdition. This phenomenon greatly impressed me with the varied and far-reaching effects of the by-paths.

As we passed along, the guide startled me with the announcement that this valley was still settling, and that each year found it a little lower than the year preceding. He said that now that the mountain was down in the valley, it was more subject to the by-paths than it was when standing, although less noticeable because less prominent. The convulsions may not have been so great, but were more constant than before. I inquired if there was no remedy for this sinking. The guide answered that if some great revolution in nature should cause these by-paths to sink, it would, by the same power, cause the valley to rise to a mountain again. As the by-paths had sunk the mountain, a counteracting power, which would sink the by-paths, would of necessity bring the mountain up. Such was the character of these things. He said the by-paths had held their sway so long, and had wrought their evil so deeply, that any change for the better was improbable.

Passing on, we came to long, deep chasms in the earth, called Contention Chasms. These chasms first began when the people of the mountain began to abandon the Way of Life. They were somewhat increased by the tremors that followed, and when the mountain fell, they were made still greater. As we approached, I saw smoke ascending, and on peering into the chasms, I saw fires along the distant bottom, which were called hate-fires. Hot, acrid, stifling fumes came up from these fires, and mingling with the smoke, spread their unpleasant odors far through the valley. Those who had, years before, spoken of love, now spoke of hatred. Those who before had spoken of union, now spoke of divorce. Those who before

had dwelt upon the joys of domestic life, now bemoaned its increasing miseries Those who had anticipated passing a serene old age in quiet with their children, now found these children in the same domestic unhappiness as themselves. I inquired of the guide if, all things considered, it was not better for those who are well able in every way, to remain unmarried, and devote themselves to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He replied that it was, and that by so doing their opportunity for saving souls would be increased, and many of the miseries of life would be avoided.

As we left the valley, I could not help reflecting on the increasing distance between the by-paths and the Way of Life. In the early stage of my journey the by-paths would at first run near to, and nearly parallel with, the divine pathway. Now they were far below, and distant from it. Furthermore, in the beginning they were quite similar to the Way of Life, but now were very unlike it. But I had learned by this time that these by-paths were deceptive, and that whatever of good they promised in the beginning, their end was always evil.

DEPRAVITY CENTER.

We had not proceeded far when we came to Depravity Center. It was thus named because its inhabitants were the representatives of the concentrated evils of all the by-paths The buildings were erected near to each other, all forming a circle, suggestive of the uniting tendency of the by-paths. The houses were called Wealth residence, Pleasure residence, Popularity residence, Liberal residence, Intemperance residence, etc. A strange fact was that the citizens of this place were all relatives, and were called the Depravity family. Each family had formerly resided in the by-path whose name they bore, imbibing its spirit The tendency of the by-paths was ultimately to unite their evils; hence we came to Depravity Center. By this natural union, the evils of all the by-paths were more

or less felt in each person. Wherein one path did not produce depravity, another would, by the preponderance of evil in persons from other paths. Those who had drunk from Wealth By-Path, imparted a grasping spirit to all the rest. Those who had been in Pleasure By-Path, imparted a desire for pleasure in each of the others. Popularity By-Path produced a vain desire in all for praise and applause. Liberal By-Path infected each with those loose notions of Liberalism which, either directly or indirectly, gave license to all the rest. Intemperance By-Path was the stimulant and vicious aid of each. Thus were the inhabitants of each of the by-paths brought to depravity by all the rest. I learned at Depravity Center that all the evils of Worldly Valley ultimately took more or less possession of each inhabitant. Thus I saw it was that men became depraved.

Formerly, the inhabitants of each by-path despised the evils of the other paths; but here they embraced them all. The citizens of Wealth By-Path were ever sneering at those in Pleasure, Popularity, Liberal, Literary, and Intemperance paths. Those of Pleasure By-Path spoke lightly of the people of Wealth, Popularity, and the other paths. So each berated the others.

Depravity Center was composed of the worst persons; indeed, their character could be seen in their faces. I had seen some of them in the former by-paths, but now they looked much worse. The faces I saw in each by-path now revealed the lineaments of all the others. Such was the countenance of these people that I had some fear of them. Still I opened my "Volume of Life," and read a number of passages which I thought might be suited to their case; but the words fell dead upon their ears. The guide praised my love for them, but said they were beyond hope. He then requested me to look at my thermometer, which he said would convince me. Drawing forth the instrument, I discovered that it stood many degrees below zero, and hence I saw their condition was hopeless. They were in reality frozen in sin.

The dwellings at this place were so made as to be conveniently interchangeable. Wealth family sometimes dwelt in the house of Pleasure family, Pleasure family in the residence of Popularity family, Popularity family in the residence of the Liberalists, and the Liberalists in Intemperance house, so familiar had these once different spirits now become with one another. On entering these dwellings, I found that their furniture largely revealed the character of their inhabitants.

The family from Wealth By-Path, although always having had an inordinate love of wealth, and, at an earlier period, not having used just the right means to acquire it, now resorted to any means for money. Their residence was filled with every kind of appliance for gambling, deceiving, robbing, and murdering. There was but little attempt at concealment of these things; for all the inhabitants here were familiar with them.

The family from Pleasure By-Path had begun indulgence in that path on a small scale; but when they reached this place, there was no indulgence too low, no pleasure too great, for them. Their residence showed them to be a family given to vile gratification and exclusive pleasure at any cost or sacrifice. It abounded in an outfit of furniture suited to this end. Some of this furniture was of a somewhat higher character, used at an earlier period; but the rest, which had been added later, showed a degeneration to a lower order. The residence of the family was filled with the most degrading articles for their gratification. Every low game and every vile way had some kind of representative about their house. It showed that the family had greatly degenerated in life.

The house of the family from Popularity By-Path showed that it had undergone a like decline. Once anxious for the applause of all, they cared for nothing now, but the approval of the low, the vicious, the criminal. Accordingly, we found their house appointed to suit the pleasure of all the fallen horde who might come in.

Liberal family had also degenerated. They began as moderate liberalists, but now they had reached great extremes. Their library was filled with works of the most diverse and flagrant infidel character. Moreover, on examining a kind of secret library, kept in a closet for more private use, I discovered the works to be the most licentious, dishonest, and suspicious. The family had reaped the degrading fruits of liberalism.

Intemperance family was next visited, and found in a most wretched plight. Their chief furniture consisted of sideboards, filled with nearly exhausted bottles. Their other furniture was scanty and broken, and the house presented a wretched appearance. The guide said these things showed two facts: First, that all evils had a tendency to unite, and deprave men; second, that the downward tendency of evil was unlimited and perpetual. He intimated that the time would come when Depravity Center would suffer destruction in consequence of this ever-increasing depravity. He also intimated that this ever-increasing sinfulness in the heart was one cause of the sinner's everlasting banishment from God. So far had these by-paths carried their inhabitants, that when they reached Depravity Center, there was scarcely an evil in which some of them did not join, or a sin of which others were not guilty; while some were simply hard and relentless.

As we stood gazing in the midst of this deplorable scene, we felt a tremor of the earth, accompanied by a muttering thunder. This was followed by another, and another still heavier. This greatly startled me. Although the inhabitants did not appear alarmed, they looked apprehensive, as if expecting some dread event in the future. In alarm I inquired what this all meant. The guide coolly answered that it was not intended for us, but was designed to warn these depraved inhabitants of a coming judgment.

I had supposed that in consequence of the depraved condition of these people, their dwellings would likewise be in a dilapidated condition. Some, of them, however, were elegantly kept, as if the more to tempt to increased

sinfulness. Their very elegance intensified the corrupt life of their occupants. Hence we sometimes found the worst families in the best houses.

It was one of the traits of these people that they approved of everything that was wrong, while they were indifferent to everything that was right. Even crimes which they might not chance to engage in, they were most ready to approve. This was one evidence of their depravity. By this means, they were prepared to go from one wrong to another. Their approval of all wrong led to the practice of all wrong. Hence their depravity was ever increasing. There were no depths which they could not ultimately reach, no wrongs which they could not ultimately commit. True, they did not all have this appearance, but the guide said that those who did not were clothed with an exterior of deception, and that some of the worst of these depraved persons outwardly appeared the best. He said that whatever might be their external appearance, they were all inwardly depraved. The character of this depravity was not a complete fullness in sin, from which they could go no farther; but the absence of all godliness and spiritual susceptibility to conversion. Having rejected all spiritual life, they were ready for all spiritual death. Having finally rejected all holiness, they were ready for all unholiness. Having fully rejected God, they were altogether without his restraint. Hence, having reached the point where nothing restrained them from sin, they were ready for every kind of wrong. They had so lived as to become abandoned by God, and as a consequence, were beset by nearly every sin. Turning to my "Volume of Life," I found that it referred to this state of the wicked by saying: "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear."

I supposed that the character of these persons was such that they would never refer to God. Some of them never did, evidently desiring to shun his name as well as his Spirit. Others, however, often spoke of God; but I noticed that their reference to him was not

with a spirit of reverence, but rather with apprehension, distrust, and fear. They spoke as those who did not bear friendly relations to him. In whatever way his name was mentioned, it seemed to strike them unfavorably. His love, mercy, goodness, benevolence, and long-suffering, all were treated as nought. His justice only, impressed them. The guide explained that this was due to their depravity, which had hardened their hearts, and by the same means blinded their eyes. He said that, as they had by indulgence become so largely evil, and so destitute of good, they had at the same time so perverted their judgment, through their evil natures, as to be able to see only that which was evil.

HOPELESS TERMINUS.

Passing on, we were not long in reaching Hopeless Terminus. It was thus called because it was the hopeless end of Worldly Valley. As we came to this place, I experienced conflicting emotions. One emotion came from the fact that this was the end of Worldly Valley, and in the main, the end of my journey, labors, and temptations. The other and opposite emotion was caused by the sadness of the place. It was a sinful, suffering, hopeless end of this great valley. Here the disappointed came to suffer and to die. Here the inhabitants of Wealth By-Path at last came, in poverty of soul and often of purse. Here the inhabitants of Pleasure By-Path came, with scarcely a pleasure left. Here the followers of Popularity By-Path ultimately came, the most unpopular of all. Here the liberalists came, despairing of fruits from their doctrines which should fit man for a better world, and uncertain of that world themselves. Here came the poor votaries of Intemperance By-Path, corrupted, diseased, impoverished, and in rags. Alas! the end of this deceptive valley! Its promises had been unfulfilled. Its hopes had perished. Its pleasures had ended. It promised men worldly life, but it brought them both worldly and spiritual death.

This was the worst of all the places I had seen in the valley; for it was the consummation of all its evils. It was located in a deep, round pit, called Despair Pit, one half of a mile across, and was completely surrounded by high and insurmountable mountains, called Sin Mountains, which culminated in several sharp, rocky, rigid peaks. The mountains also bore the names of the different by-paths, as Wealth Mountain, Pleasure Mountain, etc.

Out of the foot of each of these mountains, several large springs boiled, bearing the name of the mountain from which they sprang, and representing the different soils of each mountain. For example, Intemperance Mountain had four large springs, Inebriation, Poison, Insanity, and Murder, each having tastes and qualities different from the others. The springs of each mountain soon united, making a river whose waters were bitter. Ultimately the springs of all the mountains combined in a single river, tenfold more bitter than the first, making a deep, narrow, rapid stream, black in color, called Bitter River, which flowed through the center of the pit. From this river, the people drank, but it was a strange fact that it did not quench their thirst. They drank, and soon returned to drink again; for the river increased their thirst in many ways. Enmity it increased to hatred; dislike, to bitterness; doubt, to utter hopelessness; apprehension, to fear. The thirst and bodily diseases, it only intensified. In a word, it was death to the inhabitants of Despair Pit. I inquired of the guide why this river produced such effects. He replied, "Because its nature is precisely the same as the nature of these inhabitants, and springs from the same sinful sources as does their depraved character; namely, the by-paths whence both originally came."

As we stood contemplating this wonderful scene, I was startled by a tremendous roar and sudden shaking of the earth, which nearly threw me to the ground. This was quickly followed by another, and another. When all was over, I excitedly inquired the cause, when the guide calmly bade me to fear not, as it had no ref-

DESPAIR PIT.

erence to us, but was designed to warn the depraved inhabitants of Hopeless Terminus of a coming judgment. He said this was a similar warning to that we had heard given to the inhabitants of Depravity Center, except that this was greater, as these inhabitants were somewhat nearer to the judgment. The people of the pit were not, like myself, greatly alarmed, as they had heard these warnings before. But they looked very grave and apprehensive, even more so than the inhabitants of Depravity Center on a like occasion ; for the reminder was stronger and the judgment nearer. The Way of Life was a source of great joy to me in anticipation of glories beyond, but these warnings greatly impressed me, reminding me of the dreadful end of the impenitent.

This place was called Hopeless Terminus, because it was the hopeless end of all the by-paths. Men who had started in high worldly expectation at the beginning of the by-paths, here at the end found themselves in utter despair. The deep pit, the surrounding high and impenetrable mountains, the Bitter River, which infected even the grains that supplied them food, added to the fact that these mountains were high enough to render the place so dark as sometimes to necessitate the use of lamps by day. In fact, lamps were needed most of the time. Worldly Valley was everywhere dark, but this was the consummation of its darkness. Hence the utter hopelessness of the place from these conditions can be seen. It was a cutting consideration that they had themselves sought the barriers with which they were surrounded, and entered the otherwise hopeless condition to which they had come. They may not have desired them, but they most determinedly followed the by-paths which led to them. Hence they charged these things back on themselves.

The followers of Wealth By-Path came here impoverished, to die, with no hope of wealth. The votaries of Pleasure By-Path came here to die, with no expectation of enjoyment. The inhabitants of Popularity By-Path found themselves here without the pos-

sibility of popular applause. The representatives of Liberal By-Path found their doctrines forever exploded in this place. Those from Literary By-Path followed the mazes of that way, until they came to the still more impenetrable surroundings of this. Those from Intemperance By-Path must forever drink their nauseous draught from the Bitter River. Here men came hopeless, to languish and die. It was the penitentiary of all the by-paths. But it differed from other penitentiaries in two respects: First, its convicts for sin were self-imprisoned, they having deliberately chosen the paths which they knew would bring them directly to this place ; second, they were life prisoners, without the possibility of ever escaping, although there was no armed sentinel keeping the gate. The eternal Sin Mountains were their guards, from which there was no escape.

As we were passing around the outside of these mountains, a most remarkable discovery met our eyes, which displayed at once the long-suffering of God, and the obstinancy and hopelessness of these inhabitants. In the base of the mountains next to the Way of Life, we found an excavation, which once extended through to the pit. This was large enough so that a man, by humbling himself, could pass through to the Way of Life. Over this passage were these words: "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" On entering the inside of Hopeless Terminus, I inspected the place where the passage had opened into it. To my astonishment, it had been completely and firmly closed by the inhabitants with heavy cut stones. The foundation stone which closed this opening was hard flint, and on the surface were inscribed the words, "Natural Depravity." The next stone resting upon this was a loadstone, which naturally attracted everything to it. On this was the word, "Selfishness." The next was unyielding granite, and on this was written, "Willfulness." The next was burning limestone, which bore the words, "Fires of Sin." The uppermost was dark brownstone, and on it was written, "Hopelessness." Thus these great rocks,

which the guide said here represented great sins, forever closed this passage to the Way of Life.

This was the deliberate work of these inhabitants, and the guide asked if I wondered, in view of these things, at the thunders that warned these people of a coming judgment, and I replied that I did not. Furthermore, the guide said that these mountains were gradually growing higher, this pit deeper, the waters of this river more bitter, and the rocks which blocked the passage to the Way of Life harder and more effectual.

Day by day, month by month, and year by year, they became more and more imprisoned by the growing mountains and sinking pit. All hope had gone forever, and despair became more and more intense. Oh, the unfathomable depths of their despair! We could see it, but they alone could feel it. I told them of the Way of Life, which I was pursuing, but it was disregarded. I read to them from my "Volume of Life," but it was unheeded. I warned them of a coming judgment, which they already knew of, but to no avail. Finding them thus immovable, we prepared to take our departure; for our business here was to save the lost. But finding ourselves unable to do so, we were ready to pass on.

I now felt that my long-continued labors in saving the lost, and my temptations, were about over, as this, in the main, was the end of Worldly Valley. I felt sad as I recalled the sinful condition of the valley, yet was rejoiced that I had helped to save some souls, as my labors and pilgrimage were ending. When I started on this pilgrimage, my hair was as black as the raven's plumage, but now it was as white as snow. I started in the spring-time of life, but now I had reached the winter of old age. I began the journey a plump and vigorous youth, now I was an emaciated and enfeebled old man. I had been too intent on heavenly wealth to accumulate a large worldly fortune, but I was certain that beyond I had laid up a fortune that was vast and eternal.

As we were about to leave, I fell upon my knees, and fervently thanked God that he had so long preserved me in my passage through this great valley; that he had aided me in temptation, succored me in need, and brought me so near to glory; while I fervently prayed for his continued blessing on myself and on all men, to the end.

THE MORE HEAVENLY WAY.

We now entered what was commonly called the More Heavenly Way. There were two reasons why this was so called: First, because the Way of Life had risen so high as to be, in the main, free from the temptations of the world, as men usually feel them; second, because those who reached this point had attained so much grace that these temptations were more lightly felt. As we passed along, one fact greatly impressed me, namely, that when I kept in the pathway, notwithstanding my advanced age and broken constitution, I felt as young and fresh as ever. But did I step out of it, even for a short time, the infirmities of old age hung heavily upon me. Indeed, when in the pathway, I seldom thought of my white locks and broken form, except as I was reminded by a friend or by a glance into a mirror. But let me step out of the pathway, and my feelings soon told me of my many years.

The Sun of Righteousness, which, as I have before said, rose as the pilgrim advanced, had now nearly reached the zenith of the heavens. His face had always been glorious and attractive, but was now doubly so. In my earlier pilgrimage, clouds had frequently filled the sky, and even now it was not altogether free from them. But, however dark or great they were, his rays shot through and illumined them as if they had been merely glass. This was especially true to all who were in the Way of Life, but to all who were out of it, his rays were less illuminating, and his face less glorious. Clouds floated over them, but they were dark clouds. Darkness encompassed them, and they

beheld not this guiding star. It was indeed remarkable what power this Sun of Righteousness possessed to those who were advanced in the Way of Life. He not only imparted light and healing to their souls, but it was said by some, that in certain cases, he imparted healing to their bodies. This remarkable orb gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and new life to the dispirited, when these entered the divine pathway.

Unlike the blinding disc of the natural sun, the Sun of Righteousness gave sight only when the eyes often beheld its orb, hearing only when the ears were opened to its charms, and life only as the person basked directly in its sunshine. Unlike the natural sun, this Sun never set to those in the Way of Life, but rose higher and higher, reaching the zenith as they reached the end of the great pathway.

As we passed along, I noticed that the pathway had become easier to travel than it had ever been before. Obstacles that once were great, now dwindled into insignificance; temptations that once were strong, were now but slightly felt; and losses that once were serious, were now more clearly seen to be gain. True, I was not exempt from troubles, but they were not what they formerly were. Pressing on and still onward in the gradually ascending pathway, while the Sun came still nearer to the zenith, I saw more distinctly than ever, and to my great delight, that I was approaching Him. The air became more balmy, and gentle zephyrs often fanned my brow. Fragrant flowers bloomed in my pathway, and the green grass became more verdant than before. Indeed, all nature charmed me onward to the end.

I met several pilgrims here whose acquaintance I had made in the early part of my journey, and whose faces were now beaming in anticipation of the glorious end. I was pleased to meet them again, conscious that I should meet them in the great beyond. But I felt sad as they informed me of the larger number who started with them, but who, alas! had fainted by the way. However, I realized that human aid to me was becom-

ing less and less needed, and divine aid became more potent as I approached the end. It was not, therefore, for my sake that I was saddened, but for theirs.

On inspecting my spiritual thermometer, I found that the mercury stood higher than it had ever stood before, and that it rose as I ascended. It had been of much value to me , as it gave me men's exact spiritual standing, which I could not otherwise have definitely known. A glance at my heavenly compass showed that the hand was still pointing to the Sun of Righteousness, having never varied a hair's breadth. I had found this instrument useful, in that it indicated men's distance from the great Luminary and the Way of Life. My "Volume of Life" had been next in service to the Sun of Righteousness; for it directed me to His kingdom, and gave me warning of dangers. When in Wealth By-Path, I studied its warnings against the allurements of that pathway. When in Pleasure By-Path, I studied its warnings against the seducing temptations therein; and thus I found cautious and wise directions for every mile of the various scenes through which I passed. I studied it daily and followed it implicitly. Never did it deceive me. Its directions, its wisdom, its warnings, its eloquence, were all as true as truth could make them. The instruments of which I have spoken were not more correct than this. I had used it so long and faithfully that the print had become dim, and I only kept the volume together by inclosing it in silken wrappings. Notwithstanding the dimness of the print, the rays from the Sun of Righteousness possessed a peculiarly illuminating power by which the print, even though dim, could be read and the meaning understood. Thus I found that all my equipment received at starting was useful. I asked the guide if there were any substitutes for my instruments. He replied that the intellect directed to Christ was a substitute for the heavenly compass, and that the heart, sensitive to the influence of good and evil, was a substitute for the spiritual thermometer.

It was an interesting fact that as I ascended the

grade, contrary to the law of nature, the attraction of the earth decreased, so that on the whole, comparatively speaking, the ascent was easy. Hence the attraction of this world decreased as that of a better one increased. This was especially noticeable after I entered the More Heavenly Way. At times, gravitation appeared so much relaxed that I felt ready to finish my course on wings. This phenomenon was due to the superior attraction of the Sun of Righteousness, which counteracted the attraction of the world. As he was constantly rising in the heavens, his power was constantly increasing, and hence his counteracting effect on the attraction of the world.

As a result of these things, I longed more and more for another world. Revelations concerning it that were old in my "Volume of Life," became new and fresh. As a child looks forward with anxiety to the coming events of this world, so I looked forward with joy to the coming glories of the next. Indeed, every year and every month increased my anticipations and interest in the future. I read my "Volume of Life" very often, but more than ever those passages which referred to the future. All through my journey, I had prayed every hour, and had not forgotten to render praise; but now my praise was the chief religious exercise,—praise for the blessings of the past and for the promises of the future.

I had now reached my eighty-sixth year, and the sands of my natural life were nearly run. Notwithstanding this advanced age and my broken bodily condition, the exhilarating atmosphere into which I was constantly ascending, gave me spiritual youth and vigor, so that as my body grew aged, my spirit grew youthful. My natural sight grew dim, but my spiritual sight grew bright; my natural hearing grew dull, but my spiritual hearing grew acute; my natural sensibilities became blunted, but my spiritual sensibilities became quickened. In my early life, before conversion, my bodily forces became greatly dominant, but now my immortal nature was nearly all that was left of me. As

I recalled the past, it gave me pleasure, in that it would add to my joy in the future. As I thought of the future, it gave me pleasure, in that its glory was not far distant. Hence, in whatever direction my mind turned, it brought me gratification. My infirmities caused me to feel that this bodily life was only a clog to my progress, and I began to realize that death would bring a blessing; for it would give liberty and opportunity to my spiritual being. Thus I felt that all things at this advanced stage were working together for my good; and I often recalled the passage in my "Volume of Life" which read: "All things work together for good to them that love God"

It was a striking fact that as the Way of Life advanced, the pathway became somewhat deeper and more hedged about. This hedge came from various sources, and its different parts bore different names, as Gospel hedge, Providence hedge, Grace hedge, etc., and they grew along the pathway, and were a part of it, developing as the pathway progressed. The hedge was not so high and strong as absolutely to prevent the pilgrims from wandering out of the way; but it was so distinct and marked as to assist them in keeping in it. Its parts varied according to their names and character. The Gospel part was white in color, fragrant in odor, and delicate but firm in texture. The Providence part was variegated, being both white and black, always ultimately fragrant, though not always presently so. The Grace part was clear as crystal and soft as down. There were a number of others, intermingling along the way. Brilliant flowers of the sweetest fragrance bloomed upon this hedge, and their odors were wafted upon each passing breeze. The hedge grew upon either side of the Way of Life, and rendered it doubly attractive to the lonely pilgrim. It had been growing very slowly from the beginning of the pathway, but it was not until it reached this point that it became fully developed. This was a wise provision made by its Author, for it was here that it was most needed by those who were old and broken and comparatively alone.

As I was traveling on, and in devotions and good works endeavoring to fit myself for a better world, which I knew was not far distant, a strange phenomenon suddenly appeared in the heavens. Seven stars all at once surrounded the Sun of Righteousness. I was informed that these stars were signs of blessings which would attend me in a fairer land, and which came chiefly through the atoning sacrifice of the Sun of Righteousness, but partly through my own devotions and labors. One of these stars was called the star of Immortality, another, the star of Love, another, the star of Joy, another, Peace, another, Glory, another, Holiness, another, Reward. They were of various colors, according to their nature, that of Holiness being white. The stars were very cheering to me in anticipation of their suggestions of the future. As we progressed, they attained great brilliancy, and in beauty were second only to the Sun of Righteousness, around whom they majestically revolved. Indeed, they were closely allied to this Sun, and were said to have proceeded from him. Altogether, this phenomenon presented a most striking and glorious appearance.

We now moved along in the full sunlight; for the great orb had reached the zenith of the heavens. The sky was nearly clear, and gentle zephyrs were wafted toward our destination. Birds sang joyously, as if to cheer me, while the fragrance of flowers filled the air. The atmosphere was exceedingly bracing, and sustained me as I progressed. Suddenly in the midst of these things came a change. The Sun did not cease to shine, but the atmosphere gave a strange, weird appearance to his light. The birds ceased to sing, the zephyrs ceased to blow, and all nature seemed on the point of some great change. At this I became alarmed, and wondered at the cause. The guide, who had long been silent, now spoke as follows: —

"My son, the time for my departure is at hand. I have followed thee, to warn, to instruct, to edify, to lead, that I might show thee the way from this world to the next, which afterward you can follow. I have

now done for thee all that I can do. God has done for thee all that he can do consistent with the freedom of thy will I now pray thee to follow the literal Way of Life in the world, as thou hast followed it in this vision. When thou hast thus done, and in old age lain down to die, I will come to thee and waft thy spirit up to Paradise. Watch and pray and love and labor without ceasing. Avoid the temptations and the foolishness of the world. Remember that the things of this world are as a moment in duration, while those of the next are absolutely eternal. Remember the sacrifice of Christ, and in gratitude live to his pleasure, and forget not the reward which he at last will give thee. Remember, also, that there is a hell to shun and a heaven to gain. To convince thee of this, I will take thee to these places, and show thee the pangs of the one and the glories of the other." As he said this, I heard a shivering sound, and turning my eyes suddenly upon him, I saw that he was being transfigured. O, how changed ! My old and faithful guide was externally a new being. His honest and loving face now shone with almost the brightness of the sun. His plain garments gave place to glorious robes. His worn body became large, full, and powerful. His youth, also, was renewed, so that he now seemed younger, brighter, and fresher than when I first beheld him. I had learned to love him deeply, but now I felt a sacred awe for him. Soon his transfiguration was completed, and taking me by the arm he said, "Come, my son, and I will show thee hell and heaven, that thou mayst avoid the pangs of the one, and seek the glory of the other."

HELL.

We now arose in the air, and rushed through the heavens with awful velocity, many times faster than light. Sun, moon, and stars grew dim, and soon this stupendous universe was lost to sight. A vast, mysterious space lay before us. Behind us was God and

all that was good. On and on we went, with increasing speed. At last a black speck arose in the distance. As we approached, it enlarged, and grew blacker. Approaching nearer to it, we found it to be a vast world, — the world of fallen angels and sinful spirits. Over its portals in letters of black were written these words: "Doomed forever, because they sinned, and would not repent." Oh, the remorse, the sorrow, the anguish, the despair of this world! They were not all punished alike, but they were all alike condemned. Some were condemned for one sin and some for another, each upbraiding the other for wrong-doing. There were many here from Wealth By-Path, who were suffering from the extreme poverty of their souls, being destitute of holiness. A vast multitude was here from Pleasure By-Path, whose pleasures were now turned to pain. Numbers were also here from Popularity By-Path, who were now despised by all. Many had reached this place from Liberal By-Path, who now cursed the falsity of their doctrines. Some were here from Literary By-Path, who had been lost in its mazes. An immense number came from Intemperance By-Path, whose drunken lives added greatly to their misery. A throng was here from Consummation By-Path, who now suffered the united evils of all the other paths. I saw that the misused blessings of this world added to the misery of that; that the refused mercy of this world added to the hopelessness of that; and that the perverted light of this world, added to the darkness and misery there. As I stood gazing in sadness at this scene, the guide said, "It is enough," and seizing my arm, turned backward in our course. With the same matchless speed we rushed on and on. Not a word was spoken. The impression given by the overpowering space was sufficient.

HEAVEN.

Finally we came to the pearly gates, which were open. I did not enter, but was permitted a brief glimpse within. O, the glory, the magnificence, the

joy, of heaven! No language can tell, no eloquence depict, no mind can comprehend it. In the midst of it was the triune Jehovah. He was awful, yet approachable; sublime, yet simple; dazzling, yet enduring. There were angels, mighty archangels, and wondrous seraphim. There was also a vast multitude of the redeemed. There were those from Wealth By-Path who had entered the Way of Life, and had chosen the wealth of a better world. There were some from Pleasure By-Path, who had entered the sacred pathway to seek the pleasures that were eternal. I also saw some from Popularity By-Path, who turned to the applause of their Maker and of Heaven. Some were present from Liberal By-Path, who, though wrong in doctrine, had, through the blood of the Lamb, been saved by their holy lives. Others were here from Literary By-Path who had turned to the literature of the "Volume of Life." I discovered a number from Intemperance By-Path, who finally drank from that Spirit which does not intoxicate. Others had left the united evils of Consummation By-Path, here to drink the consummation of all good. Those who had turned many to righteousness, shone like the stars; and all the redeemed, who in wisdom had turned to God, shone with the brightness of the firmament, though not all in the same degree. O, the depths of the love, the boundlessness of the joy, and the wonders of heaven! But it was for me to catch only a momentary glimpse of these things, when the guide said: "It is enough." Seizing my arm, we sped back to the earth with angelic swiftness. Then touching my eyes, he said: "Live as I have shown thee, and I will return for thee at the hour of death, and waft thee home."

As I was waking, I heard a multitude of angels praising God, and blessing the guide who had followed me through my long, long journey. As they arose, he went with them, when these words came back in his sweet, sonorous voice:—

"FAREWELL, FAREWELL, BUT NOT FOREVER."

THE AWAKENING.

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